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# BREWSTER'S MILLIONS

By WINCHELL SMITH and BYRON ONGLEY

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# Brewster's Millions

*A COMEDY IN FOUR ACTS*

BY

WINCHELL SMITH AND BYRON ONGLEY

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The play was produced at the New Amsterdam Theatre, New York, December 31, 1906, with the following cast:

ARCHIBALD VANDERPOOL ..... *Sumner Gard*
JOSEPH MACCLOUD ..... *Joseph Woodburn*
FRANK BRAGDON ..... *Willard Howe*
NOPPER HARRISON ..... *George Probert*
MRS. DAN DE MILLE ..... *Emily Lytton*
HORACE PETTINGILL ..... *Gaston Bell*
SUBWAY SMITH ..... *Jack Deverceaux*
RAWLES ..... *George Clare*
BARBARA DREW ..... *Olive Murray*
COLONEL DREW ..... *Nestor Lennon*
JANICE ARMSTRONG ..... *Josephine Park*
MARGARET GRAY ("PEGGY") ..... *Mary Ryan*
MONTGOMERY BREWSTER ("MONTY") ..... *Edward Abeles*
FRED GARDNER ..... *Leslie Bassett*
MR. GRANT ..... *Albert Sackett*
THOMAS ..... *Arthur Morris*
TRIXIE CLAYTON ..... *Cecile Breton*
FIRST OFFICE BOY ..... *Roy Prosser*
SECOND OFFICE BOY ..... *Willie Frank*
MONSIEUR BARGIE ..... *Eugene Redding*
MISS BOYNTON ..... *Edna Burns*
FIRST OFFICER ..... *George Wright*
CAPTAIN PERRY ..... *William Rawson*
STEWARD ..... *George Spelvin*
QUARTERMASTER ..... *Darl MacBoyle*
SAILORS—*Walter Clifton, Joseph Turpin, Martin Hoag, Albert Sperry and John Hodge.*

ACT I—*Drawing Room in the Brewster Home.*

ACT II—*"Monty" Brewster's Business Offices in the Manhattan Bank Building.*

ACT III—*On Board the Auxiliary Yacht "Flitter" in the Mediterranean Sea.*

ACT IV—*"Monty" Brewster's Home, Just After the Auction Sale, September 23, Twenty Minutes of Twelve, Noon.*

## CHARACTERS

ARCHIBALD VANDERPOOL
JOSEPH MACCLOUD
FRANK BRAGDON
NOPPER HARRISON
MRS. DAN DE MILLE
SUBWAY SMITH
RAWLES
BARBARA DREW
COLONEL DREW
JANICE ARMSTRONG
MARGARET GRAY (PEGGY)
MONTGOMERY BREWSTER (MONTY)
MR. GRANT
THOMAS
TRIXIE CLAYTON
FIRST OFFICE BOY
MONSIEUR BARGLE
SECOND OFFICE BOY
MISS BOYNTON
CAPTAIN PERRY
QUARTERMASTER
SAILORS

# Brewster's Millions

## ACT I

SCENE: *Represents drawing room of the house left* MONTGOMERY BREWSTER *by his grandfather. Large arch on the* L. *showing glimpse of hall* L. *and stairway* L.U. *of arch. Portieres. Scene is oblique so as to form a triangle. Arch entrance* R. *second to library. Table bunch bowl* R. *in arch off* R.2. *Large hanging lamp* C., *decorations with shields and spears on wall* L.U.E. *table up* R., *settee down* R.C. *Large ottoman* C. *Step-ladder in front of portieres at arch* L.2. *Two large chairs side by side below arch* L. *and* L.C.

DISCOVERED: PETTINGILL *on ladder arranging portieres;* HARRISON *below him, holding curtain pins;* THOMAS, *footman, holding ladder;* VANDERPOOL *sitting* L., MACCLOUD *in library off* R., *mixing punch;* BRAGDON, R.C., *pulling cork from claret bottle. All in evening dress in this act except* MONTY.

AT RISE: VANDERPOOL *lazily watching* PETTINGILL.

VANDERPOOL. *(Seated* L.C.*)* Steady with the ladder, Thomas, or the Little Sons of the Rich will suffer another loss. Mr. Pettingill is a valuable adjunct to the world of art, and it would be disap-

pointing to bear him forth from the field of his labors on a shutter.

MACK. *(Turning to* VANDERPOOL, R., *mixing punch with coat off)* Shut up, Van. You lawyers should save your eloquence for the jury room. *(Resumes making punch.)*

NOPPER. *(Offering curtain pin)* Want another?

PETTINGILL. No, thank you.

BRAGDON. *(Crossing to* MACK *with claret bottle open)* Don't get the punch too heavy, Mack.

MACK. Oh, I know enough not to make a longshoreman's drink.

VANDERPOOL. And remember, Sunshine, go light on the rum and strong on the claret, this isn't a stag housewarming. We don't want to stagger the ladies.

(BRAGDON, MACK *and* NOPPER *start for him.* GILLY *turns, and slips down a step on ladder—crash. This stops the others from mobbing* VAN *for his awful pun.)*

VANDERPOOL. *(Turns a little at commotion. Calmly)* Careful, Gillie. I don't want to be a prophet in my own country. (GILLIE *descends ladder.* MACK *fills a punch glass and starts to* BRAGDON *to taste it* L.)

BRAGDON. *(*C. *Going a few steps toward* VAN) See here, Mr. Much-Talk, cut out a little of this monologue and do something. Help Mack slice the oranges. *(Exit* THOMAS L. *with ladder.)*

MACK. *(*R.C.*)* Don't ask him to do anything. *(Sees* MRS. DEMILLE L.C.*)* I beg your pardon, Mrs. DeMille. *(Runs off* R.2 *for his coat, setting punch glass back on tray as he passes.)*

BRAGDON. *(*L.C. *Enter* MRS. DEMILLE *from upstairs going* C.*)* Is everything in good shape, Mrs. DeMille? (VAN *rises.)*

MRS. DEMILLE. *(Crossing* C. *after a little laugh*

*at* MACK) Yes, indeed! Monty has a beautiful home here. *(Turns* R.C.*)* Thanks to the efforts of the Little Sons of the Rich. *(A little bow from all the boys in acknowledgment.)* You have done marvels with the house, Mr. Pettingill. *(Crossing to* PETTINGILL.*)*

PETTINGILL. *(*L.I. *Turns from portieres)* Thank you.

BRAGDON. *(*C.*)* Gilly never had a chance to spread himself before.

GILLY. *(*L.*)* You see, when Monty was called South, he gave me carte blanche to do as I pleased. (STUBBY *starts bad ragtime on piano off* R.)

MRS. DEMILLE. And he does not know a thing of what you have done?

(MACK *enters* R., *stands up* R.C.)

VANDERPOOL. *(Takes stage to* C.*)* Not a thing, Mrs. Dan. Petty has practically rebuilt the house, Harrison has engaged the servants and Gardner is waiting at the station, ready to nab Monty and bring him here: then we will all cheer him and sing "Jolly Good Fellow" at him, and after that, if he is disappointed, he will never have the nerve to say so.

MRS. DEMILLE. *(Sits* R. *on sofa)* He surely won't be disappointed. *(Music from piano off* R. *Very loud.)*

VANDERPOOL. *(Takes a step up and looks off* R.*)* Say, can't somebody wake Subby up? He's having an awful dream in there.

MACK. I'll wake him up. *(Exit* R.*)*

MRS. DEMILLE. I suppose he picked out the piano and wants to see how much it will stand—— *(Music suddenly stops and there is a crash off* R.*)*

MACK. *(Entering* R.*)* He's stopped. *(Goes to* BRAGDON *and* NOPPER C.*)*

SUBWAY SMITH. *(Enters* R., *limping slightly and*

*rubbing his knee)* Sunshine! I suppose chucking me on the floor and breaking the piano stool was a tip that you could get along without my ragtime. *(Goes to settee and sits beside* MRS. DEMILLE *on her* L. *When there is no piano,* SUBBY *can do some vocalizing and the line can be changed to "I suppose bowling me over and rough-housing the furniture," etc. Also* MRS. DEMILLE'S *line should be changed to "Are we adding music to the festivities?")*

MRS. DEMILLE. Did the tip hurt you?

SUBBY. No, I like it—my knee-cap is tickled to death. I was doping out the tempo of an opening chorus when Mack rang in the finale.

MRS. DEMILLE. You should save your musical outbursts until your songstress arrives. She's coming, isn't she?

SUBBY. Trixie? Oh, she'll be here, all right. You can't lose Trixie. Gee, I hope you'll like her, Mrs. Dan. I'm crazy about her voice. All she needs is a chance.

NOPPER. *(Crosses down* C.*)* Colonel Drew and his daughter are coming, are they not, Mrs. Dan? (VANDERPOOL *crosses to* MACK.*)*

MRS. DEMILLE. I invited them, and Janice Armstrong, too. She is visiting Barbara Drew, you know. (NOPPER *rejoins* MACK *and* VANDERPOOL.*)*

SUBBY. Oh! Is Miss Strong Arm coming? *(Bus.)*

MRS. DAN. You mustn't make fun of Janice. I'm very fond of her. *(Rises—crosses* R.C.*)*

SUBBY. Oh, very well. *(Rises, crosses up* R. *to* R.C.*)*

NOPPER. *(To* MRS. DAN, *looking at watch—* MACK *crosses* R.*)* I hope they'll arrive soon. It's nearly time for Monty now. He'll be here promptly at eight-thirty. (VANDERPOOL *a step to meet* SUBBY.*)*

SUBBY. *(Up* R.C.*—a step down)* Why, Peggy—

er—Miss Gray isn't here yet, is she? *(General buzz of conversation.)*

MRS. DAN. *(C.)* Why, where *is* Peggy?

NOPPER. *(L.C.)* She should be here now. There wouldn't be a housewarming without her.

BRAGDON. *(L.)* She *must* be here. I'm going over there and find out what's wrong. How much time have I, Nopper?

NOPPER. About twelve minutes.

BRAGDON. I can make it. *(Exit* L.*)*

NOPPER. I can't see why she isn't here—Peggy, of all people. *(*VANDERPOOL *works down* R.*)*

RAWLES. *(Enters* L., *announcing)* Colonel Drew, Miss Drew, Miss Armstrong.

MRS. DAN. Ah, Barbara!

BARBARA. *(Enters* L., *nods to* MRS. DAN, *crossing to* VANDERPOOL*)* We are so sorry to be late. Papa was detained at the bank. We simply rushed through dinner. *(*NOPPER *meets* MACK *up* R.C.*)*

MRS. DAN. Ah, Colonel!

COLONEL. *(Enters—crosses* R.*)* Ah, good evening.

JANICE. *(Enters* L.—*crosses* L.C. *and speaks)* Hello! Hello! Hello!

MRS. DAN. *(Crosses down, meets* JANICE, C.*)* I'm awfully glad you came, Janice.

JANICE. *(C.)* I'm glad to be here, but I don't know the game. Tell a fellow about it.

MRS. DAN. *(C.)* We're giving our young friend, Monty Brewster, a housewarming and surprise party.

VANDERPOOL. *(Quietly indicating* JANICE *by look* R.*)* Subby, who *is* that fellow?

SUBBY. *(Turns* R.*)* That's old chap Armstrong. She's all right, only she has ideas and tries to be a good fellow, and that handicaps her some.

VANDERPOOL. She looks good to me. *(Crosses up* R. *and to* MRS. DAN *at ottoman.)*

BARBARA. *(R.)* It's all too sweet for words. Why don't you look about you, Janice? (MRS. DAN *goes up to ottoman—sits.)*

JANICE. *(Crossing around chairs* L.*—looking the place all over as she goes to* D.L.*)* I have looked, old girl. Seems all right to me—not insistently millionairish, naturally conceived, color scheme quite the thing, and, all considered, rings true.

SUBBY. *(Crosses* C.*)* How's everything in Boston?

JANICE. Wrong, as usual, Subby Smith. I'm from Chicago. *(All laugh slightly at this—*SUBBY *crosses back to* BARBARA.*)*

MRS. DAN. Why, Archie, you don't mean to say you don't know Miss Armstrong?

VANDERPOOL. I know of Miss Armstrong. *(They come down a step.)*

MRS. DAN. Miss Armstrong, let me present one of our rising young attorneys, Mr. Archibald Vanderpool. *(He beams—crosses to her to make the speech of his life. Her hearty grip takes it all out of him and he stammers his first line.)*

JANICE. How are you?

VANDERPOOL. Delighted to know you, Miss Armstrong. The Little Sons of the Rich are proud and honored to have you participate in our housewarming.

JANICE. Please tell me, like a good fellow, who *are* the Little Sons of the Rich?

VANDERPOOL. *(In his best style)* We are a band of eight. *(All give attention.)* We call ourselves the Little Sons of the Rich because although there is a fortune hanging somewhere about each of our family trees, no one of us is worth a dollar.

SUBBY. *(Comes down* C.*)* You mean *was* worth a dollar. Fortune to the extent of a million dollars has smiled upon our ringleader, Monty Brewster.

Behold us awaiting his return. *(He pirouettes and crosses up* C.*)*

VANDERPOOL. *(Continues—a disgusted look at* SUBBY*)* And now the Little Sons of the Rich are congregated for the last time.

MRS. DAN. *(On ottoman* C.*)* Why for the last time?

VANDERPOOL. The spell is broken. After tonight the Little Sons of the Rich will be but a memory.

SUBBY. *(*C., *with* MRS. DAN*)* Well, we won't cry about it. (VANDERPOOL *turns to* JANICE.)

COLONEL. *(Crossing down* R.C. *to* C. *with* NOPPER—MACK *crosses to* L. *and sits)* It's a great pleasure to me to—ah—figure in Montgomery's good fortune.

NOPPER. *(*C.*)* Monty deserves all the luck that comes to him or ever may come.

COLONEL. *(*R. *of* C.*)* By the way—where is Miss Peggy? *(Turns to* BARBARA.*)*

BARBARA. *(*R.*)* Who is Miss Peggy?

COLONEL. Why, Miss Peggy Gray, my dear.

BARBARA. Oh, of course. Mr. Brewster used to live in her mother's boarding house, didn't he? *(Her inflection has just the slightest possible disparaging insinuation.)*

NOPPER. *(Quietly but very positively correcting her)* Monty shared Mrs. Gray's home from childhood, Miss Drew. He's all that a son could be to her.

BARBARA. *(Sits)* Is she going to be here to share in his surprise?

NOPPER. We believe so.

MACK. *(Enters* L., L.C.*)* Nopper?

NOPPER. *(*C.*)* Yes?

MACK. Just a moment, please.

NOPPER. Will you excuse me, Colonel?

(MACK *and* NOPPER *exit* L.)

COLONEL. Certainly. *(To* SUBBY) Smith, I like that young man. Who is he?

SUBBY. That, Colonel, is Nopper Harrison, the most gentle, sober-minded and withal business-like fellow in America. Mont's his weakness.

*(*MRS. DAN *rises and starts to cross* R. BARBARA *stops her.)*

BARBARA. *(Rises, crosses* R.C.*)* Don't you think, Mrs. Dan, it's rather too bad to have a great luxurious home like this go to waste on a bachelor? (MACK *and* NOPPER *enter* L. *and hear this.)*

MACK. *(*L.C.*)* As bachelors, Miss Drew, the Little Sons of the Rich resent the word "waste."

THE LITTLE SONS. We do! *(In unison—extravagant bow—all but* MACK.*)*

BARBARA. I abjectly beg the poor bachelor's pardon. *(Laughs and curtseys.)*

VANDERPOOL. *(*L.*)* I think perhaps Monty has hopes, Miss Drew. *(Sits on chair by* JANICE.*)*

BARBARA. Oh, indeed! Papa!

*(Boys, except* VANDERPOOL, *gather around* MRS. DAN *up* L., *one of them is telling a story in pantomime.)*

COLONEL. *(*R.*)* Yes, my dear—what is it?

BARBARA. *(Crosses to him)* Don't forget!

COLONEL. What, my dear?

BARBARA. *(Just enough meaning to have it detected)* Ask Mr. Brewster to dinner to-morrow night.

COLONEL. Of course—I intended to do that. *(Unconscious of it. General laugh from bunch up* L. MACK *crosses* R. *to punch-bowl.)*

JANICE. *(*L., *seated)* I mean temperamental.

VANDERPOOL. *(L.C., seated)* You are quite temperamental, aren't you?

JANICE. Yes, but not sentimental.

VANDERPOOL. I see.

JANICE. Yes, that's the main argument in my new book, "The Higher Demonstration of Platonism."

VANDERPOOL. *What* do *you* demonstrate?

JANICE. *(Front)* I bear the torch of friendship, which lights the way to a thorough understanding between the sexes. Good fellowship, without ulterior motives: "Handshakes without a lingering caress—er——"

VANDERPOOL. —Greetings on the eyebrow rather than on the lips.

JANICE. *(A pause)* *Your* understanding is captivating, dear boy.

VANDERPOOL. I should say *invigorating,* according to Platonism.

JANICE. *(Rising)* I stand corrected. We shall be pals. *(Offers her hand.)*

VANDERPOOL. *(Rises and takes it)* Thanks, old chap.

(NOPPER *starts down* C. RAWLES' *line stops him* L.C. MRS. DAN *crosses* R. *at back.)*

JANICE. Let's get away from the women where we can smoke. *(Crosses around chair and up* L. VANDERPOOL *follows.* NOPPER *starts to cross* C.)

RAWLES. *(Enters* L.*)* Mr. Harrison, Mr. Brewster just telephoned that he will arrive in three minutes.

NOPPER. All right, Rawles. Let us know the moment he drives up.

RAWLES. Yes, sir. *(Exit* L. *General buzz of talk and movement.)*

MACK. *(*R. *with tray and punch-glasses filled)* Make room for the punch! *(General exclamation*

*from all. He crosses* L. *at back and* D.L. SUBBY *gets his—then* NOPPER, VANDERPOOL, JANICE, *then* MRS. DEMILLE, L.C. BARBARA, COLONEL, *etc.,* R.C. *and* R. *as dialogue continues.)*

BARBARA *(Crosses down* R.C.*)* Oh, I'm so excited!

SUBBY. *(Coming down to her)* I don't see why you're excited, Miss Drew. Millionaires are no novelty to you.

MRS. DAN. *(Hears as she is crossing* L. *and stops* C.*)* A nice boy falling heir to a million is always an excitement to everybody. *(She meets* MACK C. *and takes punch.)*

BARBARA. *(*R.*)* Thank you, Mrs. Dan.

SUBBY. *(Coming down* C., *"happy thought")* We ought to receive him with applause and speeches. Now, in my opera, when the tenor comes in——

ALL. Oh, Subby, please don't!

MACK. *(Crossing* R.*)* Oh, cut it out, Sub! I've heard nothing but that opera of yours for two months. (COLONEL *takes punch and crosses to* L.C. *to* NOPPER.*)*

MRS. DAN. Subby, won't you pose us?

SUBBY. *(Is just taking punch—replaces it on tray)* With pleasure. *(Crosses* C.*)* Mrs. Dan, will you stand by the staircase, please? And Mack—— *(She takes her place up* L.*)*

MACK. *(Replacing tray on table* R.*)* Yes?

SUBBY. You do the adoring at her feet.

MACK. What?

SUBBY. *(*C.*)* Then I'll do it myself. *(Goes to* MRS. DAN. *Kneels at her feet—punch-glass, etc.)*

MACK. All right, stay there and keep quiet.

SUBBY. Now, Colonel Drew, right over here, please, by the sofa. (SUBBY *goes up* R.C. *for* COLONEL *and escorts him to his place.* COLONEL *takes place.)* That's it.

COLONEL. *(*R.*)* How are you going to pose me?

How does this look? *(Puts his arm on* BARBARA'S *shoulder.)*

MACK. *(R.)* No, no! This is not a daguerrotype, Colonel. It's 1924.

COLONEL. Oh!

SUBBY. *(Turning)* Nopper, Nopper—— Oh, all right. You're all right.

NOPPER. *(Up* L.C.*)* Save a place for Peggy Gray. Heavens, we can't do this surprise without her.

MACK. *(R.)* Brag will get her here if she's alive.

SUBBY. Now, Miss Armstrong, right up here, please. *(Indicating up* C. MISS ARMSTRONG *goes up* C.*)* And Van, you keep her company. (VANDERPOOL *follows.)* Mack, you and I by the punch. *(C.)* Now—fine! Now, everyone raise their glasses when Monty comes in.

SUBBY. *(Up* L.*)* Just a moment—I have an idea. *(Runs down* C. *Everyone moves and speaks to him.)*

ALL. Oh, Subby! That your idea! *(Etc., etc.)*

MACK. *(Topping it)* Hold your places. Oh, keep quiet. *(Pushes* SUBBY *back, trying to quiet him—gives it up and crosses* R. *to* MACK *and takes punch.)*

SUBBY. *(Takes place* C. *where* MACK *was. As* MACK *bus.)* Just a moment, please! *(Comes back down* C.*)* What I wanted to say was, this is in my opera. When the tenor comes in, they all raise their glasses and say, "Hail to the King!" Now, all together, "Hail to the King!"

ALL. *(After a tick of silence)* "Hail to the King!" *(This is said badly,* VANDERPOOL'S *voice coming in a weak last.* SUBBY *goes up* C. *in disgust.)*

JANICE. *(Up* R.C.*)* Rotten! Why not be natural? Let's just drink to him and say, "Welcome home!"

SUBBY. *(Up* C.*)* Oh, all right, just as you say. Now, all together, "Welcome home!"

ALL. "Welcome home!"

PEGGY. *(Enters* L. *just in time to get the benefit of this—she makes a curtsey and says)* Thank you. *(*C.*)*

ALL. Peggy at last! The late Miss Gray! *(Etc., etc.)*

MRS. DAN. *(Comes to her* C.*)* Why, Peggy Gray, where have you been?

PEGGY. *(Turns to her)* Am I late?

MRS. DAN. No, but you are only just in time. *(Enter* BRAGDON L.*)*

BRAGDON. *(*L.*)* Pst! Monty has just driven up to the door!

SUBBY. *(*L.*)* Quick, Miss Gray—over here, and Brag, down by Miss Drew! (PEGGY *crosses* R.2. MACK *gives her punch.* BRAGDON *crosses* R.1.)

NOPPER. *(Very distinctly—up* L.C.*)* Now, quiet, everyone. Out go the lights, and when they go up we'll all raise our glasses and say, "Welcome home!"

(HARRISON *turns off switch and lights go out. All lights must be cut out simultaneously—stage, house, orchestra, etc., leaving faint moonlight—blue strip on floor off* L. *window. Quiet pause.)*

MRS. DAN. Careful, Subby—you'll make me spill my punch. *(Pause.)*

JANICE. Why, Mr. Vanderpool! *(Laugh from* BARBARA.*)*

ALL. Sh!

BARBARA. *(Whispering)* I've forgotten what to say.

ALL. *(In whisper)* Welcome home! *(Slam of door outside.)*

NOPPER. Sh!

MONTY. *(Off stage* L.*)* Cheerful, ain't it, Rawles?

Where are my servants? Can't a millionaire have lights in his own house?

RAWLES. *(Off* L.*)* Go right in that way—I'll attend to the lights.

MONTY. It's easy enough for you to say, "Go right in that way," Rawles, but you can't see your hand before you. *(Enters* L.*)* It's black as ink around here—(RAWLES *enters* L.*)* I always hate to go into a dark room—it reminds me of that story about the girl in the Turkish bath.

RAWLES. *(*L.*)* Shut up, old man.

MONTY. *(*C.*)* When they turned the lights on——

RAWLES. Shut up, I tell you.

MONTY. *(Comes down* L., *stumbles over ottoman)* Damn! *(As if afraid of dark)* Rawles, where are you?

RAWLES. *(Quietly)* I'm here.

MONTY. Let's get out of this tomb and go home.

RAWLES. You *are* home.

MONTY. I mean Peggy's home. This infernal place gives me the shivers already.

NOPPER. *(Loud voice)* Lights!

*(Lights full up.* RAWLES *takes* MONTY'S *hat and coat and crosses* L.*—a tick of pause. The first one "Welcome Home" a bit backward, as there is no leader now.)*

ALL. *(Rushing down and forming a half-circle about* MONTY*)* Welcome home!

COLONEL. *(*L.C.*)* One moment, please. Here's prosperity, health and happiness to Montgomery Brewster!

ALL. Speech, Monty! Speech, Monty! *(Etc. Enter* RAWLES.*)*

MONTY. I do believe in Fairies. I do—I do—I do. *(Peter Pan bus. Slight laugh from all.)* If my heart doesn't stop beating, I'll try to tell you how much I

appreciate this. Ladies and gentlemen, I can't make a speech——

ALL. Oh, yes, you can! Go ahead! Try, anyhow! *(Etc.)*

MONTY. But let me assure you that you will always be as welcome here as you made me feel to-night.

NOPPER. *(Shaking hands with* MONTY) Good boy, Monty!

(MONTY *shakes hands with all around the circle—first* NOPPER, COLONEL, MRS. DAN, SUBBY, VANDERPOOL, JANICE, BRAGDON, MACK. *General greetings, etc. Sees* PEGGY *as he gets to* BARBARA *and forgets he started to shake* BARBARA'S *hand. Crosses at once to* PEGGY.)

ALL. Fine—great!

(THOMAS *enters* R. *with tray to get glasses.)*

MRS. DAN. You should see the decorations.

BRAGDON. Hello, Monty, old boy!

BARBARA. Congratulations, Mr. Brewster!

MONTY. How do you do? *(Sees* PEGGY.*)* Peggy, I'm so glad to see you again.

PEGGY. *(*R.*)* It's good to have you—home, Monty.

(THOMAS, R.C., *is collecting the punch-glasses during this as greetings are exchanged—each turns up and places glass on tray.)*

RAWLES. *(*C. *Has entered* L. *and comes down* L. *of* MONTY) Beg pardon, sir.

MONTY. *(Sees* RAWLES *for first time)* Is that mine, too?

PEGGY. He's your butler.

MONTY. Oh! *(Crosses to him* C.*)*

RAWLES. I have a message for you, sir.

MONTY. Would you mind telling me your name?

RAWLES. Rawles, sir.

MONTY. Thank you. Isn't this a rather peculiar time for a message, Rawles?

RAWLES. Beg pardon, sir. I fear it's very urgent.

MONTY. Oh, very well. Let's have it.

RAWLES. Mr. Grant, of Grant & Ripley, has called repeatedly, sir. I informed him that you would arrive this evening. He will return at nine o'clock. He states that his business is of vital importance and will admit of no delay.

MONTY. Who the deuce are Grant and Ripley?

RAWLES. *(Handing* MONTY *card)* His card, sir!

MONTY. Attorneys-at-law. Well, Rawles, if you don't mind, when Mr. Grant calls, say that I have guests to-night and I am busy. If it is very urgent I will see him to-night.

RAWLES. Yes, sir. *(Crosses* L.*)*

MONTY. *(*C.*)* And Rawles——

RAWLES. *(Stops and turns,* L.C.*)* Yes, sir.

MONTY. I'm very much obliged to you, I'm sure.

(SUBBY *comes down* C., *watching this.* RAWLES *exits* L. MONTY *watches him, then turns on* SUBBY'S *laugh.)*

SUBBY. *(*C.*)* Ha, ha! You seem afraid of your butler, Monty.

MONTY. I am, Subby. But I'm trying not to show it. *(*L.*)*

SUBBY. Oh, Monty!

MONTY. Hello!

SUBBY. I've invited a singer to do a little warbling for us to-night.

MONTY. *(*C.*)* One of your hidden geniuses? Fine or superfine?

SUBBY. *(*C.*)* Super—Miss Trixie Clayton.

MONTY. Not the chorus girl!

SUBBY. Oh, it's all right. *She* won't mind.

MONTY. She wo——

SUBBY. She's all right—I told Mrs. Dan about it and she said to have her come.

MONTY. All right Sub. Don't let it worry you. I'm not objecting, you know. *(Crosses* R. *to* PEGGY.*)*

SUBBY. I just wanted to tell you, that's all. *(He goes up* C., MONTY *joins* PEGGY R.*)*

MONTY. Peggy, tell me——

BARBARA. *(Going to* MONTY *and taking his arm)* Now we are going to show you over the house, Mr. Brewster.

MONTY. *(About to refuse in favor of* PEGGY—PEGGY *goes up, and* MONTY, *after noticing it)* Why, certainly. Subby, Subby, lead the way, will you?

SUBBY. *(*R.*)* All right. This way, everybody!

*(General chatter from all. Exit omnes* R., *excepting* PEGGY. PEGGY *goes down to chair* L., *sits.)*

MRS. DAN. *(Is last—is about to exit—sees* PEGGY; *goes back to her)* I think I'll stay with you, Peggy, if you don't mind.

PEGGY. Of course!

MRS. DAN. *(Sits)* We've seen the house from top to bottom already. Monty certainly was surprised, wasn't he? *(Pause.* PEGGY *stares straight ahead, lost in thought.)* I hope he will be as pleased with the whole house as he seemed to be with these rooms. *(Pause.)* Don't you?

PEGGY. *(Recovering herself)* Of course.

MRS. DAN. I should be lonesome living in such a big house by myself. I do hope he will be happy here.

PEGGY. I hope everything good and beautiful will be Monty's in this new life.

MRS. DAN. Just as it was in the old life.

PEGGY. *(Looking curiously at* MRS. DAN*)* What do you mean?

MRS. DAN. The good and beautiful influence he has had about him ever since he has lived in your mother's home.

PEGGY. Monty doesn't need *any* influence to keep *him* straight.

MRS. DAN. *(Getting a little close to* PEGGY) He needs you and your mother *now* more than ever.

PEGGY. *(Very conscious and trying to seem disinterested)* But his circumstances are so different now —with this fortune and a position to keep up. Why, even these two months he has been away everything seems changed.

MRS. DAN. Of course, and there will be another change soon—Peggy—*soon*—depend upon it.

PEGGY. *(Looks at* MRS. DAN *questioningly*—MRS. DAN *looks archly at* PEGGY) Oh, I see. *(Bravely)* You mean he'll marry? *(Hurriedly)* Naturally, I hope he'll find a nice girl.

MRS. DAN. So do I. *(Pause; she looks at* PEGGY, *then with change of tone)* May I ask you a question, Peggy?

PEGGY. Why, of course.

MRS. DAN. Why didn't you write to him while he was away?

PEGGY. I did.

MRS. DAN. How often?

PEGGY. *(Slight laugh)* Often enough.

MRS. DAN. *He* didn't think so.

PEGGY. *(Asking the question with difficulty)* What —makes you think he didn't?

MRS. DAN. *(Smiling)* You should have seen the letter I had from him. I had to make Dan read the beginning over twice before I could believe it was for me. It was all Peggy, Peggy, Peggy—criss-crossed, underscored and down the sides. Five pages of questions about you, with two references to ourselves. First, how was Mr. Dan. Second, how was—— *(Enter* MONTY R.—*goes to* MRS. DAN.)

MONTY. *(C.)* Mrs. Dan, Subby is looking for you. He has his genius in there and doesn't seem to know what to do with her. May I take you to him? (PEGGY *remains seated.)*

MRS. DAN. Thank you, no. *(Looking from one to the other.)* The call of genius is enough for me. I know where to find him. *(Exits* R.*)*

(PEGGY *rises when* MRS. DAN *indicates she is going to leave them alone. She and* MONTY *exchange looks and she starts to run across to exit* R.*—as she passes above* MONTY, C., *he catches her.)*

MONTY. Just a moment, please. I want about five years' conversation with you, Miss—— *(Indicates settee* R.*)* You come here and sit down. You're getting a big girl now. You mustn't run around the house like that. *(He seats her in* R. *corner of settee.)*

PEGGY. Five years' conversation with you? *(Rises immediately.)* But you must look over the house first. You haven't half seen it, I'm sure.

MONTY. *(Reseats her gently)* Oh, the house can wait. Tell me, how's Mother—well?

PEGGY. Of course she is.

MONTY. *(Looks* PEGGY *over critically)* Gee! You look pretty to-night, Peggy. When'd you get the new dress?

PEGGY. *(Sitting)* It isn't new. You've seen it twenty times. I did my best with it in honor of this momentous occasion. How did you like the welcome we gave the returning prodigal?

MONTY. *(Sits)* I felt more like the fatted calf. It was fine of the fellows, though, wasn't it? I've heard a lot of nonsense lately about not needing friends when you have money, but I tell you, when I think of the friendship of Nopper and Brag and grouchy old Mack, it makes this old million of mine seem mighty small in comparison.

PEGGY. *(Speaking very simply)* I'm glad that your money hasn't changed you, Monty.

MONTY. Changed me? *(Looks at her searchingly a moment.)* You seem to be the changed one.

PEGGY. *(Looking at him quickly)* How absurd! How could your money change me?

MONTY. I don't know. *(With sudden heat)* But it mustn't, Peggy; it mustn't. Why, if I thought this blessed million could make a difference—come between us, I mean—I'd give it away so quick it would make your head swim!

PEGGY. *(Very sincerely and simply—just touch his hand)* It won't make any difference with me, Monty, *ever*. Think of the splendid opportunity this fortune gives you to prove what a man you are! Your grandfather's memory should always mean a great deal to you.

MONTY. Oh, I'm not so very grateful. He couldn't take his money with him. Oh, I appreciate it all, but I happen to remember that my mother didn't have a very easy time of it while she lived. *(Slight pause.)* If some of these luxuries could have gone to her, I—Oh, what's the good of talking about it? *(Pause—he sits.)* Beautiful home, isn't it?

PEGGY. Yes, very beautiful.

MONTY. Something wrong with it.

PEGGY. What?

MONTY. It isn't home. You know what, Peggy—our home, your home and Mother's home—— Now, I'm going to keep my room in the little house and every once in a while——

PEGGY. *(Rises suddenly)* Monty, you must join your friends. You've been away too long now. They will notice it.

SUBBY. *(Running on to* C.*)* Sorry to disturb you, old man, but we are ready for the singing. *(Enter* RAWLES L.*)* Aren't you coming?

MONTY. All right, Subby—go ahead. We'll be there in a moment.

SUBBY. All right, but hurry. *(Exit* R.*)*

RAWLES. *(*C.*)* Beg pardon, sir. But Mr. Grant would like to see you for a few moments if possible.

MONTY. *(Crosses to* RAWLES*)* Grant? Who's Grant?

RAWLES. *(Surprised)* The gentleman that called so often to see you, sir.

MONTY. Oh, that lawyer chap?

RAWLES. Yes, sir.

MONTY. *(Turning to* PEGGY*)* Tell him I'm busy.

RAWLES. I beg your pardon. (MONTY *turns to* RAWLES.) You told me to say that you would see him if his business could not wait.

MONTY. Did I? *(Crosses back again.)* Well, I apologize to you, Mr. Rawles. But I've changed my mind. *(*RAWLES *crosses* L.*)*

PEGGY. *(Crossing* MONTY *to* R.C.*)* No, Monty, you must see him, if you've promised. Show Mr. Grant in, Rawles.

RAWLES. *(Looks at* MONTY*)* Yes, Miss. *(Exits* L.*)*

MONTY. *(*C.*)* Peggy, this is ever so much more important. I want to tell you something that means everything in the world to me.

PEGGY. Oh, Monty, not now.

MONTY. Why, don't you want to hear it?

PEGGY. How can I tell when I don't know what you are going to say?

MONTY. But you do know. You must know. Why, Peggy, every moment since——

PEGGY. *(Crosses* R.*)* I'm going to hear the singing.

MONTY. Well, Peggy, I want to see you for a moment. *(Crossing* R.C.*)*

PEGGY. *(At exit* R. *stops—turns)* Oh, Monty, wait!

MONTY. *(*R.C.*)* How long?

PEGGY. Until he's gone. *(Laughs and exits quickly.)*

MONTY. *(R.)* But Peggy.

RAWLES. *(Enters L.)* Mr. Grant! *(Exit.)*

GRANT. *(Entering L., crossing C.)* Mr. Brewster?

MONTY. *(Advancing—shaking hands)* Yes, sir. Won't you sit down? *(Indicates settee R.—then looks off R. again.)*

GRANT. *(Sitting R. and taking from his pocket a number of documents)* I am Mr. Grant, of Grant & Ripley, Attorneys. I dislike bothering you with business to-night, exceedingly, but it is necessary to put a proposition before you and get your decision out to Montana to-morrow morning.

MONTY. *(Bringing down chair)* Montana—my decision has a long and rapid journey ahead of it. *(Sits R.C.)*

GRANT. James T. Sedgwick died September 23rd in Butte, Montana.

MONTY. Died in Butte? I should think he would! How does his death concern me? (GRANT *looks at* MONTY *reprovingly.)*

GRANT. He was your uncle, sir, your mother's brother.

MONTY. *(Tone and manner changing)* My uncle? *(Trying to recall him.)* I think I remember—hearing something about an uncle when I was a boy.

GRANT. We have just received a most astonishing communication from the executor of your uncle's will —Mr. Swearengen Jones.

MONTY. Who?

GRANT. Swearengen Jones.

MONTY. What does Swear Again say?

GRANT. You, Mr. Brewster, are your uncle's sole heir!

MONTY. *(Looking quickly at* GRANT) I?

GRANT. You!

MONTY. Much money?

GRANT. Seven millions.

MONTY. *(Sits motionless, grasping the seat of his chair, and stares at* GRANT*—after a pause he swallows, speaks as if to himself, as if he had not grasped the meaning of the words)* Seven millions? . . . Seven mil—— *(Gets up suddenly and goes to bell.)* What will you have?

GRANT. Thank you, I don't drink.

MONTY. Will you have a cigar? *(Coming back, with sudden doubt)* It was—did you say—s—s—seven millions?

GRANT. It is nearly that amount. Yes——

MONTY. It's my mistake—my mistake. I just thought, perhaps, I might have misunderstood you. *(Seated* R.C.*)* My relatives seem to be dying just to make me *money mad.*

GRANT. It may be like that.

MONTY. *(Looking quickly at him)* What?

GRANT. There is a proviso.

MONTY. A proviso? *(Sighs.)* Now I'm going to wake up.

GRANT. Before you can get this money you must spend every dollar of the fortune you now possess.

MONTY. *(After a moment's pause)* That's easy!

GRANT. I am not so certain.

MONTY. Why?

GRANT. *(Holding up copy of will)* There are *restrictions* embraced herein.

MONTY. Oh! *(Sits watching* GRANT *intently, not in an easy attitude, but erect and alert.)*

GRANT. *(Opening will and looking through it during speech)* I will give you a brief outline of the will and if you decide to accept the conditions, we can go over it fully to-morrow in my office. *(Puts on glasses and clears throat.)* Your uncle bequeaths and devises all his property, real and personal, to you . . . *(Pause and looks at* MONTY *and continues)* On September 23rd next, which is the twenty-sixth anniversary of

your birthday, you are to meet Swearengen Jones at any place you may name in the City of New York, at twelve o'clock noon. Said Jones will then turn over to you all interests mentioned in the inventory which accompanies this will. If, to his full satisfaction, you have faithfully complied with the following supreme conditions: That you come into your twenty-sixth birthday with a fair name and your habits temperate, that you have proved to the executor your ability to manage your affairs shrewdly and wisely, that you take no person or persons into your confidence regarding this will or its conditions, and that upon the date named you have completely and entirely dissipated your fortune and have kept an accurate and correct account of all your expenditures, and meet the executor *absolutely penniless,* with no worldly possessions other than the clothes which cover you, with no article of jewelry, furniture or finance which you may call your own or thereafter reclaim; in a word, with no visible or invisible asset. *(Arranges papers—Bus.* MONTY.*)* Well, what do you think of it?

MONTY. *(Replaces chair up* R.*)* I think it's a joke—who wrote it?

GRANT. *(Rises)* You will find it is no joke. *(Handing* MONTY *a document, goes to* C.*)* That statement enumerates your uncle's holdings, and their value. You will find there's not a bad penny in all those millions. *(*MONTY *crosses* C.*)*

MONTY. *(Looking over list)* Has the will been probated?

GRANT. No.

MONTY. Why not?

GRANT. Your uncle requested that the will should not be probated or made public for one year. Oh—— *(Sits. Bus. papers.)* Here is a telegram from Jones with positive restrictions noted. *(Hands* MONTY *telegram.)*

MONTY. *(Reading)* "Heir must under no circum-

stances take anyone into his confidence. Here are the rules I want him to work by: No indiscriminate giving away of funds. Don't be stingy, though. I hate a stingy man. No more than ordinary dissipations, but I hate a saint. No excessive donations to charity, let him spend his money freely but get his money's worth. Above everything else, no matrimonial entanglements. Damn sure this would disturb confidence and wife might prove invisible asset." Um! *(Thinks a moment, puts his hands in his pockets, walks slowly from table in thought, then comes back quickly, faces* GRANT.*)* If I accept, I must carry out these ridiculous conditions to the *full* satisfaction of Jones?

GRANT. Yes.

MONTY. And if by September 23rd next I've spent all this money and Jones doesn't happen to be full of satisfaction . . . *(Looks at* GRANT. *Puts telegram in pocket.)* Just where would I—get off?

GRANT. Get off?

MONTY. Yes—alight—arrive—be—come in? No article of jewelry—furniture or finance, visible or invisible wife—er—asset. I'd be in a cute little position now, wouldn't I? *(Crosses* C.*)*

GRANT. *(Rises)* You must be the judge of whether you wish to try for this money or not.

MONTY. *(*C.*)* I'm glad to hear that.

GRANT. Swearengen Jones is himself a very rich man and we know him to be fair and honorable. He was your uncle's closest friend and his desire is to carry out his wishes to the letter.

MONTY. *(Turns)* Why all this secrecy?

GRANT. Probably because your uncle did not want your friends to either help or hinder you.

MONTY. *(Crossing to him—giving paper back)* Well, please tell Swearengen Jones that I'll hold onto what I have. *(Crosses* L. *Stops* L.C., *turns.)* Was Uncle James always crazy or did it come on him late in life?

"Brewster's Millions"

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GRANT. There is no doubt, I think, as to your uncle's sanity.

MONTY. *(Crosses down* C.*)* Then why was he so keen on having me spend all my grandfather's money?

GRANT. Because he hated your grandfather above everything in life.

MONTY. *(Looking squarely and keenly at* GRANT*)* Why?

GRANT. Your father married against the wishes of his parents, and for that reason your grandfather disinherited him and turned him into the streets. Your grandfather blamed your mother, and even after the death of your father, allowed you and your mother to want for the necessities of life; and you, young as you were, may not remember that he practically allowed your mother to die of—starvation.

MONTY. *(Stares straight in front of him, then looks at* GRANT *again)* Do you know this to be true?

GRANT. I do! I also know that shortly before her death, your mother induced your uncle, then only a poor young man, to leave the city, fearing he would *kill* your grandfather if he remained.

MONTY. And before my uncle died, he knew that my grandfather had left me his money?

GRANT. Evidently.

MONTY. And it was his idea that what my mother wasn't fit for isn't fit for me?

GRANT. Exactly.

MONTY. *(Crosses* R.*)* Is it possible to obtain any proof—you are prepared to give me proof, that my grandf—that this man treated my mother as you say he did?

GRANT. I am prepared to show you positive proof.

MONTY. *(Takes a couple of steps up* R.*—turns, takes* GRANT'S *hand)* Mr. Grant, I'll take on that contract. (MONTY *with a change of manner which he sustains to the end of the act, speaking more quickly and*

*with nervous energy, takes envelope and pencil from his pocket and figures rapidly during the following.)*

GRANT. *(Collecting his papers and rising)* Very good! I fear you will find your task somewhat difficult. You will have to spend something like three thousand dollars a day.

MONTY. *(Still figuring on an envelope)* Yes, but for every three thousand I spend I get twenty thousand in return. I will really be making about seventeen thousand—— Gee! my head is going round already.

GRANT. *(Crossing* L.*)* Good night, Mr. Brewster. Allow me to wish you luck.

MONTY. Thank you.

GRANT. I hope you'll win. *(Goes up* L.C.*)*

MONTY. *(*D.C.*)* Yes, I'll be going some!

GRANT. At what time will you be at my office tomorrow?

MONTY. *(Turns)* Six-thirty.

GRANT. *(Smiles)* I think nine will do. Good night! *(Exit* L.*)*

MONTY. Good night! Oh, Mr.—Mr.—— *(Runs off* U.L.—*talks off* L.*)* When you write to Jones, ask him not to think of any new conditions. I think now it's about time for that drink. *(Touches bell* L.*)* Spend three thousand dollars a day! *(*C., *figuring, again on envelope.)* No, more than that! Interest coming in all the time! *(Enter* RAWLES R.*)*

RAWLES. Did you ring, sir?

MONTY. Yes—bring me . . . three thousand dollars a day—give me five percent. Oh, give me a Scotch and soda! *(Figures again rapidly.)*

RAWLES. Yes, sir. *(Exit* R.*)*

MONTY. Five per cent . . . one million . . . no, four . . . I can't get it down to that. Four per cent—*(Still figuring.)*

PEGGY. *(Entering* R., *stands inside the conservatory archway)* Has he gone?

MONTY. *(Looking up, preoccupied—goes on to him-*

*self, still looking at envelope,* C.) How the deuce did he make it three thousand a day?

PEGGY. *(R.C.)* Who?

MONTY. I must have a bookkeeper. I can see that now.

PEGGY. *(A step* C.) What!

MONTY. Grant can beat me at figures. *(Studies envelope closely.)*

PEGGY. What are you talking about, Monty?

MONTY. *(Suddenly realizing mistake)* I wonder if he included Sundays?

PEGGY. Am I intruding?

MONTY. *(Paying attention for the first time)* Why, of course——

PEGGY. Oh, excuse me—— *(Crosses* R.)

MONTY. *(Sees her)* Oh, I beg your pardon, Peggy—I beg your pardon! *(Crosses* R.)

PEGGY. I am sorry to interrupt you, Monty, but you asked me to come back.

MONTY. Huh? Asked you—? Oh, yes. *(Turns around, puts pencil and envelope in pocket, crosses to her.)* Listen, Peggy—I want to tell you something that means everything in the world to me. Ever since I've been away I've been thinking about this, and to-night, when I saw you, I made up my mind to ask you—Peggy dear, I want you to be my—— *(Stops.)* "No matrimonial entanglements." *(Crosses* C.) The fact is, Peggy, I'm going into business and I've got to begin right away.

PEGGY. *(Crosses* R.C.) What sort of business?

MONTY. It's a peculiar kind of business. I can't explain it exactly. I don't think anybody ever tried it before.

PEGGY. *(To him)* Isn't this all rather sudden?

MONTY. Sudden! It's the suddenest thing you ever heard of. You see, there's a referee and a proviso and an uncle and a Jones and a man named Butte and—— Oh, gee! what am I talking about?

PEGGY. I don't know what you're talking about, but I wish you luck from the bottom of my heart. *(Crosses and gives him her hand.)*

MONTY. *(Taking her hand,* R.C.*)* Thank you, Peggy. You're a dear.

(ALL *applaud off stage. Enter* SUBBY R. *with* MISS TRIXIE CLAYTON, MACK *and* BRAGDON, *followed by* MRS. DAN *and* NOPPER. *General buzz of conversation.)*

SUBBY. I knew you could do it. *(*L.C.*)* Oh, Monty, I want you to know Miss Clayton, and she's going to be a star some day, sure. *(*C. MONTY *bows abstractedly.)*

TRIXIE. *(Laughing)* I'm afraid that's a long way off, Mr. Brewster.

MONTY. Oh, I hope not. *(Crosses* R.*)*

TRIXIE. I'm only in the chorus now. *(To others)* But Mr. Smith is doing all he can to make me a principal.

MACK. *(To* MONTY, *in low tone)* Say, Monty, don't pay any attention to Subby.

MONTY. What's the matter?

MACK. Why, aren't you on?

MONTY. No.

MACK. He's trying to get you to star that Miss Clayton in his opera. Now, you know what happened to Tommy Burt when he tried to make a star of that Milly Milton?

MONTY. No.

MACK. Why, he lost sixty thousand dollars before he woke up, and he's paying bills yet.

MONTY. On the level? *(Crossing to* MISS CLAYTON L.*)* May I see you a moment before you go? I won't detain you a moment. Boys—Nopper, Brag, Mack—come here. *(Crosses* R.*)* I have a great

scheme. I'm going into business and I want you all to come with me.

*(Exit* MRS. DAN *and* PEGGY. TRIXIE *and* SUBBY *up stage* L. *to put on wraps.)*

BOYS. When? Where? *(Etc.)* What kind of business is it, Monty? When does it happen? *(Etc.)*

(RAWLES *enters* R. *with drink; stands back of settee.)*

MONTY. I can't explain it just now, but it will need the services of all you fellows. Now, let me think. Nopper, I want you to be my general superintendent of affairs. Brag, private secretary; Mack, financial secretary. *(Takes drink.)* I need a lawyer. Van, you're the counsel.

VANDERPOOL. Isn't this room a little warm? *(Takes drink from him—returns it to* RAWLES, *who exits* R.*)*

MONTY. No, on the level, Van, I'm in earnest.

*(Enter* COLONEL, JANICE *and* BARBARA R.*)*

ALL. But Monty, what do you mean? What's the matter with you? *(Etc.)*

MONTY. I haven't time to talk about it now. All in favor say, "Aye." The "Ayes" have it. I'll see you at twelve o'clock to-morrow.

*(The boys exit* R., *talking in pantomime.)*

COLONEL. *(*C*).* Monty, we must say good-night!

MONTY. *(*C.*)* Thank you! I mean much obliged—er—that is—must you go? *(Crosses* C.D.*)*

JANICE. *(*L.*)* Yes, I must. I have another chapter to finish in my book.

MONTY. Have you written a book? *(Crosses to* L.C.*)*

JANICE. Yes, "The Higher Demonstration of Platonism."

MONTY. Really! Your first effort?

JANICE. It *isn't* an effort. I believe all I write.

MONTY. Ah! But do your readers?

JANICE. I don't know. I haven't a publisher yet and probably never shall have. Platonism is a dead issue with the common herd.

MONTY. I see. *(Turning to* BARBARA.*)* She means they won't buy her book. *(Turning suddenly to* MISS ARMSTRONG.*)* I'll publish your book.

JANICE. You, Mr. Brewster?

MONTY. Yes. Will you be good enough to let me see you about it to-morrow? I want to talk to you. Thank you so much.

COLONEL. Will you do us the honor to dine with us to-morrow evening?

MONTY. Thank you—yes—I shall be delighted. Certainly! Oh, no—I forgot—I'm giving a dinner to-morrow. I have to give dinners every night for a year. I mean I want you and Miss Drew to dine with me, if you will, Colonel, and you, too, Miss Armstrong. I'll send my machine for you.

COLONEL. But Monty, I didn't know you had a car.

MONTY. *(*L.C.*)* I haven't—I'm going to buy some.

COLONEL. Some?

BARBARA. Some?

JANICE. Why—some?

MONTY. Well, you see, I want to ride every day. *(Crosses* R.C. COLONEL, BARBARA *and* JANICE *cross* L.*)* Oh, Colonel, just a moment! (BARBARA *and* JANICE *exit* L.*)*

COLONEL. Yes? *(Stops* L.C.*)*

MONTY. Are there offices vacant in the Manhattan Bank Building?

COLONEL. I don't know—why?

MONTY. I want to engage them. I'm going into business and I shall—— *(Seeing* TRIXIE *with* SUBBY.*)* Excuse me, please. Miss Clayton, won't you sit down, please?

TRIXIE. Thank you. *(Sits on settee* R. *Bus.* SUBBY.*)*

MONTY. Run away, Subby. (COLONEL *and* SUBBY *exit* L. *Sitting beside her)* Miss Clayton, I'm going to make a star actress of you.

TRIXIE. Star? Me!

(MACK, NOPPER *and* VAN *enter* R. *with coats, etc., and stand about* R. *and* R.C.—C.*)*

MONTY. Just a minute, please! I think you have the most wonderful voice I've ever heard—— *(Slight business for* TRIXIE. MONTY *continues rapidly.* PEGGY *and* MRS. DAN *enter* L. *with wraps.* NOPPER *joins* PEGGY C.*)* And Subby Smith tells me he has a great comic opera with a wonderful part in it for you. Now all you need is preparation. The first thing for us to do is to engage a bunch of singing teachers, dancing masters and stage managers. Then I must buy you some gowns and jewels and brooches and pins—you must have lots of carriages and automobiles. Well, my friend Mr. Gardner will act as your manager, and arrange a bank account for you. Thank you so much for waiting. I'll tell you all about it to-morrow. *(Rises, offers hand.)*

(PEGGY *overhears part of this from* L.C. MRS. DAN *from* L.*)*

TRIXIE. *(Rising, taking both* MONTY'S *hands)*

Mr. Brewster, you've made me the happiest girl in the world!

MONTY. Yes, isn't that nice of me? *(There is a pause and look between* TRIXIE *and* PEGGY, *as* TRIXIE *crosses up* L.C. SUBBY *and the* COLONEL *enter* L. *and talk to* TRIXIE. *Turning to* MRS. DAN) Oh, Mrs. Dan, I'm giving a dinner to-morrow night, and of course I want you and Dan to come; and next week I'm giving some more dinners and a fancy dress ball. In fact, I'm doing a lot of things, and I want to consult you. Thank you so much. *(Turns* U.C.*)* Oh, Nopper—— *(Sees* PEGGY. *Leaves* MRS. DAN. MRS. DAN *goes up* L. *Seeing* PEGGY C. *with wraps—stops.)* Why, Peggy, you're not going?

PEGGY. *(Crossing* L.*)* Yes—good night! *(Exits* L.*)*

MONTY. *(Steps* L.*)* Well, mayn't I take you home?

MRS. DAN. *(Intervenes)* Peggy's going home with me, Monty. *(Exits* L.*)*

MONTY. *(Pause)* Well, I know! But——

NOPPER. Well, good-night, Monty——

MONTY. Good-night, Nopper, old man! *(Looks after* PEGGY, *who is going off* L. *with* MRS. DAN.*)*

BRAGDON. Many happy returns of the day, old chap!

ALL. Good-night—good-night, Monty. *(Ad lib.)*

*(The boys all exit* L., *saying good-night and shaking hands with* MONTY L. *as they exit.)*

MONTY. Good-night! Good-night! *(Bus.)* Oh, boys!

BOYS. *(Off stage)* Yes? What? *(Etc.)*

MONTY. Remember, twelve o'clock sharp.

ALL. *(Off* L.*)* All right, we'll be there. Good-night! *(Etc.)*

MONTY. Good-night! Good-night! *(Goes to chair* L., *sits.)* "No indiscriminate giving away of funds. Don't be stingy, though. I hate a stingy man." *(Reading telegram. Enter* RAWLES.)

RAWLES. *(*L.C.*)* Beg pardon, sir. Is there anything else I can do to-night?

MONTY. No, thank you. (RAWLES *crosses* R.C.) Oh, Rawles!

RAWLES. Yes, sir.

MONTY. How long have you been with me?

RAWLES. *(*R.C.*)* Two days, sir.

MONTY. *(Crosses to him)* Two days! You've been a very good and faithful servant. I'll double your wages. And Rawles——

RAWLES. Yes, sir.

MONTY. Get me a taxi.

RAWLES. Are you going out to-night, sir?

MONTY. *(Seated on ottoman,* C.*)* No, I have an engagement at nine-thirty in the morning. Tell the chauffeur to wait.

RAWLES. Yes, sir. *(Exit* RAWLES R.*)*

CURTAIN

FIRST PICTURE—MONTY *on ottoman, figuring.*
CALL: *Full company.*

## ACT II

SCENE: *Represents the interior of the office of* MONTY BREWSTER, *the Bank of Manhattan Island Building; door* U.L.C. *Office doors in* R. *in 2 and 3. Doors half glass. On door down* R.1, *"Secretary's Office" is written, and "Counsel." On door* R.2, *"Private Secretary" and "Financial Secretary." A large library desk with swivel chair back of it* C. *Auxiliary desk down* L. *Small chair in front of desk. Armchairs down* L. *Small table with telephone by entrance door* U.L.C. *Large safe* U.C. *Hatrack* U.R.C. *Ticker down* R.1E. *Telephone on desk* C. *Office very handsomely furnished. Typewriter on desk* C.L. *side. Arch up* R.C., *showing Cashier's window up* L., *bleaked across corner. Office building backing.*

*One telephone, two blotter pads, three typewriters, four or five ash-trays, and inkstand with penholder, etc., in gilt. Six check books.*

*Stage full up white foots, first border and side lights. White strips all entrances. Amber mediums through window up* L.

AT RISE: *Ticker. 'Phone bell rings, "Ding-ding! Din——g!"*

FIRST BOY. *(Lifts up receiver)* Ah—shut up!

SECOND BOY. *(Enters* R.1) Where is Mr. Harrison?

FIRST BOY. Lunch.

SECOND BOY. Allison & Co. want him to call them up as soon as he comes in.

FIRST BOY. All—ll—right.

(HARRISON *enters up* L.C. *Coat and hat.)*

FIRST BOY. *(Speaks as* HARRISON *is halfway to ticker—sitting up immediately and putting novel away)* Allison and Co. want you to call them up as soon as you come in.

HARRISON. *(Starts)* Get them. *(Goes quickly to the ticker.)*

FIRST BOY. *(Speaking into telephone on desk* L.C. *—switchboard supposed to be outside)* Get Allison & Co.

HARRISON. *(At ticker—ticker stops on 'phone bell. Looking along tape, takes a quick, sharp breath —takes off coat and hat, hands them to boy who has followed him down—takes them into "Supt." office. 'Phone bell rings.* HARRISON *goes to desk* C. *and uses 'phone)* Hello! Allison & Co.? Is that you, Allison? *(Looks to see if there is anyone in office.)* This is Harrison. . . . Yes . . . Yes—— I've seen the quotation. Well, I won't protect it any further. If it goes down to fifty-eight I'm wiped out. . . . I hope so, too. . . . Good-bye—— *(He hangs up 'phone.)*

(FIRST BOY *enters* R.I. *crosses to his desk.* MACCLOUD *enters from Financial Secretary's office, bills and checks in his hand. Starts for Supt. office. Sees* HARRISON.)

MAC. *(Goes to him)* I thought you were out. Will you sign these checks? *(Hands check to* HARRISON, *who is staring front* R.C. *and does not heed* MAC *for a moment. Suddenly turning, looks at* MAC, *takes checks absently, looks over them, takes up pen, signs them during the following. He sits* L. *of* MONTY'S *desk* R.C.) Nopper, are you in love?

HARRISON. *(L.C.)* What put that into your head?

MAC. When a man goes mooning about as you

have for the last week and doesn't half hear what's said to him, it's a mighty good sign that he has lovely woman on the brain.

HARRISON. *(Short laugh)* It isn't love. I wish it were. *(Ticker.)* I was thinking—that's all. *(Up to ticker.* MAC *looks after him.)*

MAC. *(Crossing* L.*)* The last thing any of Monty Brewster's staff wants to do is to think. Look at that check for Tiffany. Twenty-seven thousand dollars for favors for this confounded ball! I tell you, Nopper, it's sickening!

(BRAGDON *enters quickly from Private Secretary's office, with a copy of "The Trumpet" in his hand. He comes slowly, speaking as he comes.)*

BRAGDON. Say, have you fellows seen the Censor's slap at Monty in this week's Trumpet? *(Ticker stops.)*

MAC. *(*L.C.*)* I do many foolish things, but I don't read "The Trumpet"!

BRAGDON. *(*R.C.*)* You don't, eh? Well, listen to this: *(Reads)* "Not content with having staggered society with his recent sensational dinner, young Monty Brewster has issued invitations to a Viennese Ball to take place at Sherry's on the twentieth. Ever since this young man has inherited his millions he has been the target of humorists of every club in town, because of his lavishness in entertaining, his recklessness in business ventures and indiscriminate method in getting rid of his newly acquired wealth. It is thought that young Brewster hopes, by his attitude of magnificence, to dazzle Miss Barbara Drew, the daughter of the executor of his grandfather's will. There will be little or no surprise if an interesting announcement is made on the evening of the ball. The comments going the rounds concerning the spectacular career of Mr. Brewster are causing

considerable concern to his real friends, while the improvident young man's methods are proving a genuine joy to his grafting associates——" *(Looks.)*

MAC. That's us.

BRAGDON. "A number of whom he has installed in lucrative positions in his offices." Now what do you think of that?

HARRISON. *(Turning from ticker—*R.*)* I think the staff ought to get even with the man who wrote it. *(Paces up and down* R.*)*

MAC. *(*L.C.*)* I tell you what the staff ought to do! Clear out! Every mother's son of us!

HARRISON. (BRAGDON *rises)* Mac!

MAC. *(*L.C.*)* I mean it. I'll admit that's a nasty article, but it's only what we should expect. Why shouldn't people think we are bleeding him? He doesn't need us any more than a fish needs a drink, and everybody knows it. *(Ticker.* NOPPER *to ticker.)*

BRAGDON. *(*R.C.*)* Now don't get your Scotch up, Mac. Monty does need us instead of a lot of strangers who would only think of his money and what they could get out of it. We must all keep on trying to hold him back. *(Looks at* HARRISON.*)*

MAC. That would be all very well, only it don't do a damn bit of good. *(Ticker stops.* SECOND BOY *enters up* L.C., *telegram to* FIRST BOY *at desk and exits* R.2.*)* He'll be broke before the year is out. Then who'll want to engage any of us? No one will ever have any confidence in us or respect for us.

BOY. *(Enters* R. *from door* R.2*)* You're wanted on the 'phone, Mr. Bragdon. (BRAGDON *exits up* R.2.*)*

MAC *(*L.C.*)* What is it?

HARRISON. *(*C., *reads telegram)* "Stick to your knitting and don't ask questions. Jones."

MAC. Another of those things from the King of

Mysteries. Monty sends him a telegram about once an hour. (FIRST BOY *enters* R.2, *crosses to desk, sits.)*

HARRISON. *(Crossing* R.C., *places telegram on* MONTY'S *desk in front of typewriter)* I'd like to find out who he is.

MAC. I asked Monty the other day.

HARRISON. *(*R.C., *turns)* What did he say?

MAC. He said, "Jones is like war—he's hell." (HARRISON *crosses to ticker.)*

SECOND BOY. *(Enters* R.2, *crosses to* MAC L.C.—*gives* MAC *paper)* Listed account of ball expenditures to date, sir. *(Exits* R.)

MAC. *(To* HARRISON—*looking at list)* The expenses of this ball will make Monty's grandfather turn over in his grave.

BRAGDON. *(Enters hurriedly with hat and coat—to* FIRST BOY) Get Mr. Brewster's house on the 'phone. (FIRST BOY *bus. 'phone.)*

MAC. *(*L.C.*)* What's up?

BRAGDON. *(Excitedly)* The Tenderloin Bank is up. *(TICKER Stops.)*

MAC. What?

BRAGDON. *(Up* C.*)* High as a kite. Closed its doors—just heard it over the 'phone.

MAC. Whew! (HARRISON *clutches tape and breaks it—holds piece in each hand.)*

BRAGDON. *(To* HARRISON) How much did Monty have there?

HARRISON. *(Looking front* R.*)* Over a hundred thousand.

BRAGDON. *(Up* C.*)* I'm going over to the bank now. If Monty comes in, don't say anything about it until I get back.

MAC. *(*L.*)* You needn't worry about Monty. Nothing like a paltry hundred thousand would bother him, the way he's going it now.

BRAGDON. *(At door up* L.C.*)* Well, there's no

good speaking of it until I find out how bad it is. If he's at the house, though, get him down here, will you?

HARRISON. I'll 'phone the house.

BRAGDON. All right. I'll go just as quickly as possible and be back in no time. *(Exit* L.C.*)*

HARRISON. Over a hundred thousand dollars! It's getting worse every day! *('Phone rings.* HARRISON *answers it.)* Hello! Who's this? Why? Oh, Rawles, is Mr. Brewster there? *(Pause.)* And you don't know where he went? Well, if he comes in, ask him to come down to the office right away. That's all. Good-bye. *(Puts up receiver. Enter* SECOND BOY *from* R.I. *Goes to* HARRISON C., *hands him paper.)*

SECOND BOY. The statement, sir, Mr. Brewster wanted to January 1st. *(Exit* R.I.*)*

HARRISON. *(Takes paper,* C.*)* I hate to look at it. *(Looks.)*

MAC. You needn't look at me.

HARRISON. Two hundred and forty thousand dollars spent in three months. *(Hands* MAC *the statement.)*

MAC. *(*C., *taking statement)* This is criminal. *(Running his eye down the list, pointing to items on statement and showing them to* HARRISON.*)* Notice what this Clayton woman is costing him?

HARRISON. About seventy thousand dollars. It's appalling. *(Crosses to* R.*)*

MAC. *(*C.*)* It's one thing to take a chance on Subby's opera, but spending all this money on *her* is another. *(Begin pacing up and down.)* He said he was buying all that bunch of jewelry and gowns for the production; but the apartment he's rented and the turn-outs he's engaged can't be for the production. And now Brag says he's going to rent a house for her and furnish it on the instalment plan. If you can beat that! It looks like the one rotten thing

in all his extravagance. (NOPPER *paces up and down* R. *during this.)*

HARRISON. *(Sits* R.C.*)* I can't think he's mixed up in that sort of game.

MAC. *(*L.*)* Nopper, when he comes I'm going to tell him that one of his staff has had enough. *(Sits* L. *at desk.)*

*(Doorbell rings off stage* U.L.C. *"D——g, Ding, Ding."* FIRST BOY *rises, crosses to* R. *side of door.* THIRD BOY *opens door and marches on stage about ten feet with* SECOND BOY. *They take a step to the side and right and left face respectively.* FOURTH BOY *follows and takes position opposite* FIRST BOY. MONTY *enters and comes down to* THIRD *and* SECOND BOYS. THIRD BOY *takes paper and stick to* SECOND BOY*—hat and gloves—hands them to* FIRST BOY *and takes overcoat. Overcoat, hat and stick are placed on hall tree up* C. *and left there.* FOURTH BOY *takes cigar from his mouth as* THIRD BOY *hands him his paper.* SECOND, THIRD *and* FOURTH BOYS *exit* L. FIRST BOY *sits at desk.* MONTY *crosses to his chair* C.*)*

MONTY. *(Brightly)* Hello, boys!

HARRISON *and* MAC. *(Regarding him joylessly)* Hello.

MONTY. *(Looks from one to the other, notes their serious faces)* What are you fellows laughing at? *(Looks at* MAC*, whose expression is blank.)* Boy! (FIRST BOY *crosses to him.)*

FIRST BOY. Yes, sir.

MONTY. *(Takes roll of bills from his pocket, peels off a yellow one)* Go up to Thorley's, get a couple of dozen orchids, put them in Mr. McCloud's room. They may cheer him up a bit. *(Takes up letters from desk. During the following scene he is busy*

*opening and reading his mail, tearing up some letters and throwing them into waste-basket, laying aside others for answering.)*

FIRST BOY. Yes, sir. *(Starts up.)*

MONTY. And boy . . .

FIRST BOY. *(Stops and turns)* Yes, sir!

MONTY. Bring me a receipt.

FIRST BOY. Yes, sir.

MONTY. And boy . . .

FIRST BOY. Yes, sir.

MONTY. Go in a taxi.

FIRST BOY. Yes, sir. *(Exit up* L.C.*)*

MONTY. Receipts for last night's expenses. Dinner, theatre and supper. *(Places memos in front of desk. He has memo book* L.2. *Takes papers in his pockets.)* Oh—tips and incidentals, one hundred and sixteen dollars and fifty cents. *(Writes amount on pad on desk, rips off sheet, places it with other papers.)* Put that on the miscellaneous account. (MAC *crosses, gets papers and returns.)* Have you seen the *Trumpet?*

MAC. *(Sourly)* Yes, we've seen it! *(Crossing* L. SECOND BOY *enters up* L.C. *and sits at desk.)*

MONTY. *(Sits, fishing "Chronicle" out of his pocket)* They say this thing in the *Chronicle* is a typographical error, but I'm not so sure about it. *(Reads)* "Magnificent ball to be given to Miss Drew by her fiance, Montgomery Brewster." If I could find out who wrote that article I'd be willing to accept a present of five thousand dollars. (HARRISON *rises, crosses* R. *and up* L. MONTY *opens mail.)*

HARRISON. *(*R.*)* There ought to be something coming to that gentleman who wrote the *Trumpet* article.

MONTY. It came to him, Nopper, at nine-thirty this morning.

MAC. *(*L.*)* What happened?

HARRISON. *(*R.C.*)* You licked him?

MONTY. Go and look him over.

MAC. *(Rises, crosses* L.C.*)* You shouldn't have done it. A man with all your money can't afford those luxuries. He'll sue you for assault and battery, sure.

MONTY. *(Face lighting up)* By Jove, I never thought of that! *(Suddenly)* I wonder where the *Chronicle* man is? *(Rises, takes a step up as if to go and look for him.* BRAGDON *dashes in, slamming door* L.C. *from* U.L.C. *Ticker.)*

BRAGDON. *(Out of breath)* Have you heard about the Tenderloin Bank?

MONTY Of course I've heard about it. I've been in it. Anything the matter with it?

BRAGDON. *(Angrily)* It has failed—that's all—wiped out! *(Shakes hands.* MONTY *looks at him quickly, radiantly. Softening)* It's mighty tough, Monty. You had a hundred and thirty thousand on deposit there. *(Ticker stops.)*

MONTY. *(Shaking hands with him. All stare at him. With entire change of tone and manner, goes to desk, figuring quickly on pad)* Three thousand a day! Forty-five days! Boys, if this turns out right, we can take a vacation.

BRAGDON. *(Crossing down to him* L.C.*)* It can't turn out all right. I've been over and got the facts. I tell you the money's gone. And they say the Tenderloin is only the first to go. There's talk all over the place about the bank downstairs.

MONTY. *(Change of manner)* Not the Manhattan Island?

BRAGDON. Yes, the Manhattan Island!

HARRISON. *(*R.*)* You've got twice as much there as you had in the Tenderloin.

BRAGDON. I'll draw out your balance as quick as Nopper can sign a check and I can get downstairs. (HARRISON *and* BRAGDON *start off as if to get check* R.I.)

MONTY. *(Realizing the possibilities of gain by another failure)* Stop! Let the money stay there!

ALL. What?

MONTY. I'll show you what kind of sport I am!

BRAGDON. Monty, don't joke about this. There isn't time. Of course, we're sorry for Colonel Drew, but . . .

MONTY. *(Rises quickly)* That's it! Colonel Edward Drew is my friend. The father of the beautiful girl they say I'm going to marry. Do you think I'd desert him in his hour of need? Never! A thousand times never! Call Monty Brewster a fool, a dolt, a spendthrift, what you will, but it shall never be said of him that he deserted a friend in the hour of need! *(Sits* C.*)*

HARRISON. Monty, you are either crazy or the biggest-hearted man in the world. (MAC *sits* L.*)*

MONTY. I'll give you a third guess some day.

*('Phone bell rings.* HARRISON *exits* R.I.*)*

BRAGDON. *(Answers)* Hello!—Yes, he's here. Who is it? Stone? Oh, he's too busy to talk to you just now.

MONTY. Is that the real estate man?

BRAGDON. *(Into 'phone)* Wait a minute. *(To* MONTY*)* Yes.

MONTY. Oh, I want to talk to him. *(Takes 'phone.)*

BRAGDON. But Monty——

MONTY. *(Into 'phone)* Hello, Stone—this is Brewster. Found a house for Miss Clayton? *(Bus.* MAC.*)* Oh—well—— *(Into 'phone)* How much? No, no—I want a house—not a hen coop. What? Don't care if it's fifty thousand dollars—— (MAC *rises, crosses* L.C.*)* Miss Clayton will play in New York a long time. She's going to entertain . . . (MAC *and* BRAGDON, *who have listened in disgust,*

*suddenly turn, dash to their respective offices and slam the doors.* MONTY *looks up, smiles, shakes his head, then into 'phone)* Well, now you're talking—No, no—only until the end of September. I've no time to look at it. Send over and get a check. Good-bye. *(Hangs up receiver—takes out notebook.)* Bravo! Tenderloin! Credit—bank failure, one hundred and thirty thousand. That's the biggest stroke yet. *(He 'phones.)* Send Miss Boynton here! *(He picks up telegram on table.)* Hello—Jones. "Stick to your knitting and don't ask questions."

(MISS BOYNTON *enters* L.2. MONTY *has formed the letters he has opened into three separate piles upon the desk.)*

MISS BOYNTON. *(R.C.)* Good morning, Mr. Brewster. I want to thank you for your beautiful treat last evening. *(Sits* L.C. *Has stenographer's notebook and pencil.)*

MONTY. Was it my treat last night? What did I do?

MISS BOYNTON. Have you forgotten sending me the tickets for the show and the flowers and candy?

MONTY. *(Taking out notebook)* Fourteen fifty. I wonder—— *(Writes.)* What did I do with those receipts? *(Looks through pockets. Dictating)* Telegram to S. Jones, Butte, Montana. "Don't ask questions! Who else can I ask questions of? You say you hate a stingy man—don't be stingy with advice—" No, make it, "with your advice" . . . extra word. "I've chartered a yacht for a cruise around the world. Will wire you itinerary of trip." No, we can lengthen that a bit. . . . *(Thinks for a moment.)* Say, "I myself will send to you the various addresses where I may or shall be found just as soon as it is possible for me to discover the various addresses where I shall be found. Banks are

failing all around me. I am leading at the quarter by one hundred thousand, but I have got some running to do yet." Postscript. "How do you pronounce your Christian name?" Reply collect.

*(Enter* MAC *suddenly from his office* R.2. *He has three months' statement and the bail expense list and his written resignation to* MONTY, *and slams them down in front of him on desk, one at a time as he says the following—)*

MAC. There's the statement to January 1st, showing that nearly one third of your fortune is wiped out. *(Slam.)* There's the expense list of the ball to date. *(Slam.)* And there's my resignation. *(He knocks off typewriter from desk.)*

MONTY. *(Starts at the last, looks quickly to* MAC, *then quietly)* Gently, Sunshine! You'll hurt your hand. *(To* BOY) Boy, take that typewriter out and have it fixed.

(SECOND BOY *is reading novel at desk up* L.C. *Rises, confused, and starts across to take* MISS BOYNTON *out. As he gets to her* R. MONTY *attracts his attention and indicates the machine on floor* L.C. *He gets up and goes to door.)*

BOY. *(Up* L.C. *at door)* Where shall I take it?

MONTY. Tiffany's. *(Movement of disgust from* MAC. MONTY *dictates to* MISS BOYNTON) Telegram. "Sunshine MacCloud, Esq., Manhattan Island Building, City. My dear Sunshine—" *(To* MAC) They nabbed me this morning, Sunshine. *(To* MISS BOYNTON) "Replying to your favor just received, tendering your resignation, to take place on the first of the month——" *(To* MAC) Yes, sir. Van and I wanted to see the new car move a bit and they pinched us.

MAC. *(Interested in the dictation)* Why did you let them catch you?

MONTY. I thought of the fine.

MAC. What?

MONTY. *(Assumed dignity)* I don't want to evade the law. If I ought to be fined, I *want* to be fined, and get a receipt. *(Movement of disgust from* MAC.*)* Where were we?

MISS BOYNTON. *(Looking at dictation book)* "—the first of the month——"

MONTY. "I have noted carefully your reasons for wishing to retire, to wit—" *(Referring to* MAC's *letter)* "Crazy, irrepressible, unresponsible, irresponsible—idiotical, impossible, etc., etc."

MAC. And so you are.

MONTY. "If, however, you will delay your retirement, I shall appreciate it greatly. I therefore beg that you retain your position until the end of September—not jump the traces now and show your long ears. Always your friend . . ."

(MAC *jumps up from chair, crosses* R.2.)

MAC. You've shown your long ears already. *(Exits into his office, slamming door* R.2.)

MONTY. *(Quietly picking up letter, dictating)* Telegram. "Enoch Hood, Esq., E-n-o-c-h—make it n-o-c-k! 16 Queens Street, Long Island City, Borough of Queens Telephone No. 2020 Main. Also offices in Peoria, Kansas City and Chicago. Cable address, Spelldon. Dear Sir: I note that you have an invention which will make me a fortune. I would suggest that you invent something that will make a fortune for yourself—one fortune is all I care to handle at present. Yours truly——" (NOPPER HARRISON *enters, crosses to ticker. To* HARRISON) Hello, Nopper, what are you hugging that ticker for?

HARRISON. *(Forced laugh)* The stocks aren't going to suit me. *(Ticker stops.)*

MONTY. Have you looked up Lumber and Fuel?

HARRISON. *(Excitedly—a step down* R.C.*)* It's the last stock on earth you want to buy, Monty. Lumber is ten points too high. Think of the situation—all the lumbermen overstocked and a building strike threatened. There must be a slump.

MONTY. *(Listening enthusiastically)* Think so?

HARRISON. I'm sure of it. *(Crosses back to ticker.)*

MONTY. Thanks. *(Into 'phone)* Get Allison & Co. (HARRISON *goes to ticker—watches quotation which is being ticked off—his face suddenly shows despair as he exits quietly.)*

HARRISON. Wiped out! *(Exit* R.I.*)*

*(TICKER Stops.)*

MONTY. *(Rises—hands two piles of letter to* MISS BOYNTON—MISS BOYNTON *rises also)* Say, No, thank you to these and Yes, please, to those.

MISS BOYNTON. Yes, sir. *(Goes up* R.2.*)*

MONTY. Send them by Western Union.

MISS BOYNTON. *(Stops and turns)* Excuse me, Mr. Brewster. I'm only a poor girl, but I've got some pride, and I'd like to know why you send all my letters by telegraph? *('Phone.)*

MONTY. They're clearer that way. *(In 'phone)* Hello, Allison—what? Oh, well, tell Mr. Allison Mr. Brewster wants to speak to him, will you, please? Thank you.

MISS BOYNTON. *(Half crying)* I ain't appreciated here. My work was never criticized before and I could have *married* the last man I worked for!

MONTY. Yes—what was the matter with him? I beg your pardon. Telephone Tyson, like a good girl, and get a box for the Fourteenth Street Theatre to-night.

MISS BOYNTON. *(All smiles)* Oh, thank you so

much, Mr. Brewster. *(Going, stops at door, turns.)* The Fourteenth Street, did you say?

MONTY. Yes—Chauncey Olcott's there. You'll like that. (MISS BOYNTON *exits. Into 'phone)* Hello, is that you, Allison? Yes, this is Brewster. Yes, how are you? Say, I want to buy ten thousand shares of Lumber and Fuel—no, ten point margin. Yes, send over and get a check. I know, everybody says it's a bad time to buy, that's the reason I want it. *(Smiles.)* I don't know anything about the races. Got a tip? Nabob? First race? Cinch, eh? Just a minute. *(Picks up "Chronicle" from desk and looks at entries.)* How about Polite? Same race. Outclassed? No chance at all? Well, can you get me a thousand on him? No, straight to win. What? All right, when Nabob wins. (VAN *enters* L.C.) I'll apologize. Good-bye.

VAN. *(Enters up* L.C., *stands by door)* Do you allow ladies in here, Chief?

MONTY. *(Rises, crosses to him to shake hands)* Hello, Van. What are you doing down here?

VAN. *(*L.*)* I work here.

MONTY. Of course you do. *(Crosses* C.*)* Who's with you?

VAN. Old chap Armstrong.

MONTY. Look here, my boy, you'd better give her up.

VAN. *(Crosses* L.C.*)* Perhaps you'll explain how I can give up something I haven't got?

MONTY. She doesn't care anything for you. You interfere with her platonic ideas.

VAN. *(Crossing* L.*)* Now, you give your Uncle Dudley a little time. I'll show you what her platonic ideas are worth.

MONTY. All right—but don't keep her waiting out there all day. *(Starts up stage.)*

VAN. Barbara Drew is with us . . .

MONTY. *(Stops)* Miss Drew? Has she seen her father?

VAN. Not since she's been with us. Why?

MONTY. Some trouble downstairs in the bank. Sh! (MONTY *rises and goes quickly up.* SECOND BOY *opens door* L.C. BARBARA *and* JANICE ARMSTRONG *enter.* BOY *exits same door.)*

BARBARA. *(Shakes hands with* MONTY C. *and crosses* R.*)* How do you do?

MONTY. Delightfully surprised.

MISS ARMSTRONG. *(Following* BARBARA*)* How do you do, Mr. Brewster?

MONTY. Getting gray—working overtime.

BARBARA. I hope we're not intruding. We only peeped in for a moment.

MONTY. No, indeed. Won't you sit down? *(Indicates chair* R. *of his desk.)* Miss Armstrong. *(He places chair* L.C.*)*

MISS ARMSTRONG. *(*L.*)* Don't worry about me, dear fellow. I believe in a woman's taking care of herself. I've devoted two chapters to that in my book.

MONTY. *(*L.C.*)* By the way, we shall have the proofs of that book in to-morrow.

MISS ARMSTRONG. Oh, really?

BARBARA. *(*R.*)* Your book, Janice?

MISS ARMSTRONG. Yes, my book. The book which I hope will eventually bury the hatchet between the sexes.

MONTY. It's going to be great! You should see the design I've had done for the cover.

VAN. *(*L.*)* What about the story?

MISS ARMSTRONG. *(*L.*)* It isn't a story. It's a book on the flaming question of—— (MONTY *crosses* L.C.*)* Platonism and its friendly message to mankind. *(They go up* L.*)*

BARBARA. *(Sits* R.C.*)* I have just had a struggle with my pride.

MONTY. *(Sits on corner of desk* D.R.C.*)* Indeed —why?

BARBARA. After the way you have persistently kept away from us, it needed courage to seek you out.

MONTY. You're joking.

BARBARA. I assure you I'm not. Papa and I have made every effort to induce you to dine with us, and we should have been flattered had you condescended to drop in for tea.

MONTY. Well, I've been so frightfully busy I haven't been anywhere. I didn't think you would ever want to see me again.

BARBARA. Why, pray?

MONTY. *(Picks up "Trumpet")* Have you seen the *Trumpet?*

BARBARA. *(Looking down modestly and speaking coyly)* Yes, I've read it.

MONTY. Well, that's why. It has worried me, I can tell you.

BARBARA. *(Glancing at him questioningly)* I'm sorry.

MONTY. I'm dreadfully cut up about it.

BARBARA. *(Resentfully)* It's too bad that you are so annoyed.

MONTY. *(Not noticing tone)* To have you humiliated this way, through me.

BARBARA. *(Sweetly again)* Don't think about it any more, please, Mr. Brewster. I don't feel a bit humiliated. *(Pauses—then laughs.)* An awfully funny thing happened in connection with the story.

MONTY. Really—what was it?

BARBARA. *(Looks at him roguishly, smiles and turns away)* Ah, I daren't tell you.

MONTY. Do, please.

BARBARA. It's too absurd.

MONTY. *(Coaxingly)* You must tell me.

BARBARA. Papa read it and——

MONTY. Yes?

BARBARA. He thought it was true. *(Laughs heartily.)* He thinks we're engaged.

MONTY. *(Joining in the laugh)* I should think it was absurd! *(*BARBARA *stops laughing suddenly.)* Well, I bet that chap won't write about us again in a hurry. Coupling our names—ridiculous! *(Crosses* R. *to ticker.)*

BARBARA. *(Rising, crosses* L.*)* Mustn't we be going, Janice?

VAN. *(Suddenly remembering,* U.L.*)* By Jove, so we must. *(Starts for door.)*

MONTY. *(Crossing* U.C. BARBARA *and* JANICE L.C.*)* What's your hurry, Van?

VAN. *(Meets him* C.*)* Now, this is my party, Monty, and you can't run it. We have—a most important appointment at Maillard's.

*(*OFFICE BOY *opens door* U.R.C. MRS. DAN *enters.)*

MRS. DAN. *(*U.R.C.*)* Well! I seem to have dropped in on a reception day. *(Gives* MONTY *her hand. Nods to others.)*

MONTY. Hello, Mrs. Dan. Welcome. What in the world are you doing down-town?

MRS. DAN. Wonderful to relate, Dan brought me down. He has some business in the bank downstairs. *(*MONTY *and* VAN *exchange rapid glances.)* Archie, are you initiating the girls into the mysteries of Monty's business?

VAN. I don't understand it well enough for that myself.

MISS ARMSTRONG. We've only been looking over the plant. *(Goes up stage.)*

BARBARA. It is most comfortable to labor in, isn't it? *(Goes up.)*

MRS. DAN. *(As* VAN, MISS ARMSTRONG *and*

BARBARA *go to door* U.L.C.) I hope I'm not driving you away. (BARBARA *turns.)*

VAN. *(*U.L.C.*)* No, we were just leaving. So much business going on here we are dazed. Come on, ladies, we'll leave these schemers to talk over the ball. *(He opens door.* JANICE *and* BARBARA *pass out, then* VAN, *exchanging "Good-byes" with* MONTY *and* MRS. DAN.)

MONTY. Oh, Van, get the car down to the side entrance, will you? Excuse me, Mrs. Dan. *(Exits* U.L.C., *talking to* VAN *ad lib.* MRS. DAN *picks up "Trumpet" from desk.* BRAGDON *enters* R.I.)

BRAGDON. Oh, how do you do, Mrs. Dan? What luck?

MRS. DAN. *(*R.C.*)* I've just come from Peggy's. I told her that we all felt that he would listen to her and how anxious you boys were to have her talk to him and try to make him understand how his behavior is being criticized.

BRAGDON. Has she consented to come?

MRS. DAN. Peggy's a dear. You can think how she dreads it, but she's coming this afternoon.

BRAGDON. Splendid—bully for Peggy!

*(Enter* MONTY L.C.*)*

MONTY. Oh, Brag—excuse me, Mrs. Dan.

MRS. DAN. *(*R.C.*)* Certainly. *(Reads.* BRAGDON *crosses to* MONTY.)

MONTY. I want you to go downstairs to the bank and ask Col. Drew if there is anything I can do for him.

BRAGDON. Now, Monty——

MONTY. Brag, please——

BRAGDON. Oh, all right—— *(Crosses to door* L.C.*)* Good afternoon, Mrs. Dan. *(Exits* L.C.*)*

MRS. DAN. Good afternoon. (MONTY *offers her*

*his chair.)* Monty, what brought Barbara Drew down here?

MONTY. *(L. of C., goes to* MRS. DAN) Van had the girls out driving and they just dropped in for a moment.

MRS. DAN. *(R. of C.)* She chose rather a peculiar time, don't you think?

MONTY. *(L. of* MRS. DAN) Why?

MRS. DAN. *(Holds up "Trumpet," then lays it on desk as she sits)* I saw the *Trumpet* to-day.

MONTY. Oh! *(Crosses L. for chair.)*

MRS. DAN. Monty, I don't want you to be foolish.

MONTY. *(Places chair L. of desk L.C.)* What are you driving at, Mrs. Dan? That article made me boil. I thought—but—Miss Drew was very sweet about it. *(Sits L.C.)*

MRS. DAN. Of course she was. She doesn't even deny it. She's evidently quite pleased.

MONTY. *(Up and crosses U.L.C.)* Oh, you must be mistaken, Mrs. Dan. Anyhow, I don't think of it as far as I am concerned. There's only one girl for me and she's not Barbara Drew. Say, Mrs. Dan, why does she refuse to see me? Is it on account of these stories about Miss Drew?

MRS. DAN. *(C.)* Why does who refuse to see you?

MONTY. *(L. of* MRS. DAN) Why, Peggy, of course—who else?

MRS. DAN. Won't she see you?

MONTY. No, I've called repeatedly and she's never at home.

MRS. DAN. Peggy wouldn't refuse to see you on account of any stories.

MONTY. She wouldn't, would she? Yes, but she does refuse! *(Crosses up L.)*

MRS. DAN. Do you want to see her very much?

MONTY. *(Crosses* L.*)* Very much—more than anything in the world.

MRS. DAN. Then you will be glad to hear that she's going to call on you this afternoon.

MONTY. *(Comes to her* C.*)* Really? Honestly? How do you know?

MRS. DAN. She told me so. Peggy is worried about what the gossips are saying. Everyone is talking about the way you are squandering your money and the expense of the ball. We'll work hard to make it a success, but when it's over you must stop. *(Crosses up* R.*)*

MONTY. *(Crosses* L.*)* Peggy coming this afternoon! That's good news. *(Crosses* L. *and* D.L.C.*)* And we won't let the gossips bother her much longer—that's the beauty of my new scheme. *(*L.C.*)*

MRS. DAN. *(At ticker* R., *turns)* New scheme? *(Crosses* C.*)* What is it now?

MONTY. I'm tired of what everybody is saying, so we will all get away from it.

MRS. DAN. *(*C.*)* What do you mean?

MONTY. *(*C.*)* Mrs. Dan, I've chartered a yacht for a cruise around the world and I'm going to take all of our friends.

MRS. DAN. Why, Monty Brewster! It's perfectly . . .

MONTY. *(Crosses* C.*)* Great—isn't it ? I thought you'd like it. I've chartered the *Flitter*—ever hear of her? She burns more coal than any yacht in the world.

MRS. DAN. But Monty—think—such a cruise may cost you your entire fortune!

MONTY. *(Delighted)* Do you think so? By Jove, I like to talk to you, Mrs. Dan.

MRS. DAN. I know what a yacht can cost and you wouldn't have thought of a better plan—if you want to spend all your money.

MONTY. Honestly, I love to talk to you, Mrs.

Dan. You never mind the expense. I'll attend to that. What I would like to have you do, if you will, is to invite the guests and induce Peggy to go. You know, Mrs. Dan—I—I—wouldn't go without Peggy. Now you will do this for me, won't you? You know you can always make people do whatever you want them to.

MRS. DAN. A cruise around the world!

MONTY. Yes, just think of us all in London, Paris, Naples, the Riviera, the Mediterranean, moonlight, starlight, silver seas sailing away with those we love, where the gossips can't reach us. The whole world will be ours. *(Crosses up* L.*)*

MRS. DAN. *(Crosses* R. *and back)* That's it. The world will be yours. You don't think you are Monty Brewster, but Monte Cristo. *(*R.C.*)*

MONTY. No, I don't.

MRS. DAN. *(Carried away by the thought)* It's glorious, Monty. The thought is positively enchanting. I love it, but——

MONTY. *(*L.C., *turns)* Mrs. Dan, I've crossed "but" out of my dictionary. I have to in my business.

MRS. DAN. *(Looking oddly at him)* Just what is your business, Monty?

MONTY. Frenzied Finance. *(Crosses* L. *for cigarette from* MAC'S *desk and lights it.)*

*(*SUBWAY SMITH *bursts in door* U.L.C., *rushes down* C.*)*

SUBBY. Monty, you're a nice sort of—— Oh, I beg pardon. *(Sees* MRS. DAN—*goes* R.C.*)*

MRS. DAN. *(Very graciously)* Why, hello, Subby.

SUBBY. How do you do, Mrs. Dan? You're looking bully! *(Shakes hands.)*

MRS. DAN. *(Sits* R.C.*)* I must be reflecting some of the enthusiasm of this young spendthrift.

MONTY. How did the show go, Subby?

SUBBY. *(*R.C.*, disgustedly)* Haven't you seen the Philadelphia papers?

MONTY. Not yet. *(*L.*)*

MRS. DAN. Was your opera produced last night? I knew nothing about it.

SUBBY. It isn't strange that you didn't know about it, but we thought our angel might have remembered us. It nearly broke Miss Clayton's heart not to have you there, Monty.

MONTY. I sent her a telegram and everything Thorley had in stock.

MRS. DAN. Tell us, really—how did it go?

SUBBY. Miss Clayton was great. You've made her, Monty.

MONTY. *(Smoking, seated* L.*)* Yes, that's all right. *(Uneasily.)* How was the show?

SUBBY. Gardy thought it was too slow.

MONTY. That's good.

SUBBY. But I tell you with a little fixing up I could make it the biggest hit.

MONTY. *(Rises, crossing* C. *decidedly)* I'll attend to the "fixing up." Heavens, Subby, whoever thought you could write an opera?

SUBBY. Well, I like that.

MRS. DAN. *('Phone bell rings)* I'm so glad, Subby—my heartiest congratulations.

MONTY. Excuse me. *(Into 'phone)* Yes, yes. Oh, this you, Allison? Got it, eh? 108¾—ten thousand? That was right. Good-bye.

SUBBY. Ten thousand what?

MONTY. A little flyer in Lumber and Fuel, Sub. *(Sits on desk* C.*)*

SUBBY. Lumber and Fuel! You must have thought the show was a frost.

MRS. DAN. *(Interested)* Who gave you the tip?

MONTY. It's a tip I shouldn't advise you to follow, Mrs. Dan.

SUB. *(Going to ticker)* 108¾—8½—8¼—no, Mrs. Dan, don't you follow it. It's 8 now. Better sell, Monty. (MONTY *shows satisfaction as* SUBBY *calls off quotations.)*

MRS. DAN. Perhaps I'm a hoodoo. I'll go. *(She rises.)* I hope it will go up, Monty.

MONTY. *(Rising)* Don't say that, Mrs. Dan.

MRS. DAN. Well, whichever way you want it to go—I never know. Dan loses when they go up and loses again when they come down, and then says I'm dull because I can't understand.

MONTY. Yes. *(Crosses* L.)

SUBBY. You are certainly becoming a gambler, Monty. You'll be playing the races next.

MONTY. *(Turns* L.) Come to think of it, I did to-day.

MRS. DAN. Really, that's a game I know something about. Which horse did you bet on? *(Crosses* L.C.)

MONTY. *(Tries to remember them)* Excuse me. *(Crosses and gets paper.)* That horse there—Polite.

SUBBY. Polite, hey? That's a fine horse to play. Do you know what Polite would do if he were leading in the stretch? "After you, my dear Alphonse." Polite, indeed! *(Bows and crosses to ticker.)*

FIRST BOY. *(Enters* U.L.C. *with large box of flowers from Thorley's, crosses* R.) Did you say these flowers were for Mr. McCloud, Mr. Brewster?

MONTY. *(*MRS. DAN *is* L.C. R.C., *arranging papers under 'phone)* Flowers? Yes, Mr. McCloud's room. (BOY *exits* R.2.)

SUBBY. Is it Mac's birthday?

MONTY. Just trying to cheer him up a bit.

MAC. *(Off stage)* Take those flowers out of here!

*(Kicks boy off and throws box lid and orchids after him.)*

BOY. *(Scrambling and picking up flowers)* Mr. McCloud don't want these orchids, sir.

MONTY. Doesn't he like orchids? Mac's afraid of becoming popular. Don't mind him. Put them in Mr. Bragdon's office. (BOY *exits* R.I.)

MRS. DAN. *(L.C.)* If he's in that frame of mind, I'll go before he comes in. *(At door.)*

MONTY. *(Crosses to her, shakes hands)* Until to-night, then. We can talk over the ball at the Opera.

SUB. *(R., crosses* U.L.C.*)* Let me go with you, Mrs. Dan.

MRS. DAN. Well, come along. I'll take you a few blocks. Be careful of Mr. McCloud, Monty. Good-bye.

MONTY. *(C.)* Oh, Mac's all right. Thank you for dropping in.

SUB. I'll be back soon, Monty. (MRS. DAN *and* SUBBY *exit* L.U.E.*)*

(MAC *enters from Financial Secretary's office.)*

MONTY. All right, Sub. See you later. *(Sits* C.*)*

MAC. *(Crossing to* MONTY C.*)* I've just received your telegram in reply to my resignation. *(Puts telegram before* MONTY.*)*

MONTY. *(Takes telegram)* Now, Mac, don't quit me before September. I know you fellows think I'm crazy, but I'm not—just give me a chance.

MAC. *(Crosses* R.C.*)* Oh, I'll stay until September if we're not all in the gutter by then. But why do you refuse to withdraw your balance in the Manhattan? Brag says they will never last the day out.

MONTY. Is that so?

MAC. *(Crosses* R.2*)* Yes, it's so.

MONTY. Mac—just a minute. *(Writing check.)* I wish you would go over to the Fifth National Bank and get this check cashed and bring me the money here. Hurry, like a good fellow. (MAC *comes back* R.C.)

MAC. Two hundred and fifty thousand dollars! What do you want all this cash for? *(As they go up* R.C.*)*

MONTY. *(Puts his hat on* MAC *and pushes him off* R.3, *then returns to desk, jubilant)* Carfare. *(Enter* HARRISON, *stands looking at* MONTY *a moment. Drops hat and coat on chair and desk* R.C. *and crosses determinedly.)* Where are you off to, Nopper?

HARRISON. *(*R.C.*)* I've got all my papers fixed up in there. Mac can take charge of them.

MONTY. *(Figuring)* What's the matter?

HARRISON. Monty, I've got to quit.

MONTY. *(Looking up front)* You behave yourself.

HARRISON. *(Hardly hearing* MONTY*)* Monty . . . you . . . *(Looking at* MONTY *squarely for the first time and almost wildly.)*

MONTY. What's the matter, old man? *(Rises, looks at him.)* Why, you are white as a ghost. *(Puts his hands on* HARRISON'S *shoulders.)*

HARRISON. The truth is I've—I've taken some of your money, Monty, and I've lost it.

MONTY. *(Looks quickly at him—then delightedly)* Have you?

HARRISON. I did it with the idea of helping you out! Of course it was crazy and criminal, but you've been losing so rapidly and I thought I saw an easy chance to make a hundred thousand for you, but there was a slump and I'm wiped out.

MONTY. That's all right.

HARRISON. Monty, you're too decent.

MONTY. *(Taking account book from his pockets)* How much was it?

HARRISON. Thirty-five thousand dollars!

MONTY. *(Crosses to desk quickly)* "Thirty-five thousand dollars." *(Enters amount in book.)*

HARRISON. It's horrible, on top of this bank business. I ought never to have come here. Why, I haven't slept for weeks, thinking of the pace you're going. It's been driving me mad! It's been hell, Monty, for us all—Mac, Brag and myself—to be the business end of your rank, mad extravagance. To see the best fellow on earth going to his ruin against every word of our advice. To know that everywhere people are sneering at us behind our backs. Calling us "Grafters," "Hangers-on," "Parasites," and now —oh, God, to realize that I'm a thief! *(Sits, head buried in arms on desk.)*

MONTY. *(In a loud voice as if to command him to stop)* Nopper! *(He springs up and goes to* NOPPER'S *side* R.C.*)* I'm sorry. I'm so sorry. When I asked you fellows to come with me I didn't realize that what I wanted you to do would react on you and make you suffer. . . . I looked on this as a long holiday . . . with business thrown in—and now I see how awful it must have been for you, and I'm sorry. I'm so sorry, but I've got to go on—— *(Crosses* R.C.*)*

HARRISON. *(Up and* L.C.*)* Why? Why have you got to go on?

MONTY. *(Turns to* C.*)* Nopper, old man, I'd give anything in the world if I could tell you, but I can't.

HARRISON. You mustn't blame yourself for what I've done, Monty—that was my fault entirely, and I'm going to work and square it with you—unless you decide to have me arrested.

MONTY. Nopper, don't talk like that. We've been pals all of our lives. I understand why you bought

the stock. And you were doing me a big favor. (HARRISON *starts to go.)* Nopper, you're not going to leave me?

HARRISON. Don't ask me to stay. I couldn't after what I've done. Can't you understand?

MONTY. *(Crosses* R.*)* What are you going to do?

HARRISON. Go West. I may hit on something in the mining country. I know that game a little.

MONTY. *(Turns* L.*)* I'll grub-stake you, Nopper.

HARRISON. No, Monty, your money has caused me suffering enough. I'd rather die than handle another penny of it. (MONTY *goes up* L. *Gets coat and hat, crosses up* C.*)* Don't think I'm ungrateful. I appreciate the way you're treating me.

MONTY. I understand. *(Up* R.*)*

HARRISON. Good-bye. *(At door.)*

MONTY. *(Crosses and takes his hand*—HARRISON *presses his hand, looks at him, then quickly exits* U.L.C. *'Phone rings twice.* MONTY *watches* HARRISON *off, turns, sighs, crosses* D.R.C. *Into 'phone)* Hello. *(Chokes.)* Hello—hello—hello—who? Oh, hello, Gardy—— *(Sits* C.*)* Why, yes, of course. I want to talk to you. How are you, boy? How'd show go? Slow? That's good—what? You think it's a hit. I thought you said it was slow. Oh, of course you're in Philadelphia—and buying seats last? Oh, fast—well, here you close up. Never mind about that—you close up. I'll hire a theatre and bring the show to New York. Trixie wants to run in Philadelphia? You tell Trixie she'd be arrested. (PEGGY *enters* U.L.C. *quietly and comes to* MONTY. *Starts to put her hands over his eyes. What she hears stops her.)* Well, say we can't prolong it—Oh, tell Trixie I have a house for her here in New York. Say I want her near me, any old thing. (PEGGY *utters a slight exclamation and draws away to* L. *This attracts* MONTY'S *attention. He turns*

*and sees her.)* At last! *(Hangs up 'phone and jumps up to her, quickly.)* How dare you keep away from me all this time?

PEGGY. *(L.C., struggling with her tears)* I hope I'm not interrupting you.

MONTY. *(L.C.)* Of course you're not—why?

PEGGY. I was afraid I heard—that is—that you were busy. The boy asked me to come right in, but——

MONTY. Yes, I told him I expected you. You come here and sit down. *(He leads her to chair L., then gets the one from L.C. and sits to her R.)* I've got all sorts of things to tell you. You know I always did have to tell you everything.

PEGGY. *(Sits, trying to speak naturally)* Yes—you used to——

MONTY. *(Looking up from telegram, sitting)* Why, what's the matter, Peggy?

PEGGY. I don't know—nothing—I hope——

MONTY. Anything gone wrong?

PEGGY. Not that I know of.

MONTY. Things have gone wrong with me today.

PEGGY. *(Who is hardly able to keep from crying)* What things?

MONTY. Can't tell you.

PEGGY. That's not telling me everything.

MONTY. Don't ask me. Why do you look like that, Peggy?

PEGGY. *(With a little shudder)* I—I think it's because you have changed so.

MONTY. Oh, don't say that, Peggy. Don't you be like the rest. I have business cares now that I never dreamed of before. I bega—— Well, before the night of the house-warming——

PEGGY. Do you call spending money business?

MONTY. No, that's too good a name for it. It's hard labor. Think of this beastly ball I'm giving—

two weeks of miserable grind—arranging the expenses—and I'd rather be caught at Huyler's drinking ice cream soda than giving it.

PEGGY. *(Looks at him searchingly)* Then why do you do it? Monty, it's very hard for me to speak of this, but I've made up my mind to come down here and beg you to give up this extravagance. You have meant so much to mother and to me, and we want you to be big and grow and amount to something in the world, and those things you are doing seem so silly and unlike you. People are beginning to make fun of you, Monty, and your friends are worried and the papers——

MONTY. Peggy—please!

PEGGY. I don't want to hurt you, but for your own sake, for the sake of us who are fond of you; if you don't care for the things you are doing—please be—our old Monty again. Try to think——

MONTY. Think! Think! *(Rises, crosses to* C., *then back to* PEGGY.) Thinking has become my specialty. I think for eighteen hours a day. It's all very well for the ordinary business man to think. He thinks of something to do, does it and that ends it. But I have to think of what other people will think; and think what they think I think; and think what they think I think I think; and I could go on—but I can stand it all if only you believe in me, Peggy. I'm trying to do the best I can under the circumstances—only they are curious circumstances. You won't desert me, Peggy, will you?

PEGGY. *(Earnestly)* No, I shall never desert you, Monty.

MONTY. Peggy, you're an angel. *(He sits again.)* Now listen. I want you to do me a great big favor—will you? *(*PEGGY *nods assent.)* Get mother to agree to this. You see—well, I want to buy the little house for her—so I'll make a deposit in the bank to your credit. You still have your account—(THIRD

BOY *enters* R.1 *with office check book and fountain pen, crosses* C. *downstairs)*—with Col. Drew, haven't you?

PEGGY. Yes.

MONTY. All right. Now I'll send a check down to the Colonel.

THIRD BOY. Will you sign this check for Miss Clayton's house, Mr. Brewster? (PEGGY *rises instantly.)*

MONTY. Take it to Mr. Harrison.

BOY. He's gone, sir.

MONTY. Gone! Oh, yes—yes, yes. *(Rises, crosses to* C., *signs check.* BOY *crosses* R.1 *and exits.* MONTY *turns to* PEGGY.*)* You see, Peggy, I've got all this money.

PEGGY. Monty, don't. *(Crosses to* C., *pause.)*

MONTY. Why, what's the matter?

PEGGY. We can't take your money, Monty.

MONTY. Now Peggy——

PEGGY. *(Desperately, trying to be light)* Don't worry about us. We are not objects of charity——

MONTY. Why, ain't you ashamed——

PEGGY. Don't try to explain. I think your money has spoilt you, Monty. *(She suddenly bursts into tears and flies from the room. Exits* U.L.C.*)*

MONTY. Well, Peggy! *(The door slams. He pauses, crosses down* C., *looks front.)* Oh, Mr. Jones! Just two minutes with you. Just a pair of minutes. *(Crosses* L.*)*

BRAGDON. *(Enters* R.1*)* Monty, I'm going to beg you just once more to get your money out of the Manhattan if you can. *(Crosses* C.*)*

MONTY. *(Crosses to him, desperately)* Oh, I wish you fellows would mind your own business and not be so damned inquisitive. Why will you insist upon worrying if I don't? I know what I'm doing. What you fellows need is a little faith. *(Crosses* L.*)*

BRAGDON. What you need is a nurse. I tell you they can't hold out until three o'clock.

MONTY. *(Crosses up* R.C.*)* That's all right—take it easy. *('Phone bell rings. Stops, crosses to 'phone* R.C. *In 'phone)* Well? Yes. Colonel Drew? Yes, tell him to come up. *(Crosses* L.*)*

BRAGDON. Monty, if you've arranged things downstairs, why couldn't you have told us?

SUBBY. *(Dashing in)* Say, Monty, where did you get that Lumber and Fuel tip, Monty? *(Rushes to ticker.)* My hat's off!

MONTY. What's the matter with it?

BRAGDON. *(*R.C.*)* You haven't bought Lumber and Fuel?

SUBBY. *(Crosses down to* BRAGDON*)* He's got 10,000 shares at 108¾. It went down a point at first, but look at the jump it's taken. (BRAGDON *joins* SUB *at ticker—*SUB *looks along tape.)* Nine and one-half—nine and three-quarters—ten——

MONTY. *(*L., *crosses to ticker)* Here, Subby, you —— *(Goes to ticker.)* Keep your jokes for your comic opera, Sub. Do you want me to have a fit?

SUBBY. Ten and one-quarter! Monty, you're a wonder.

MONTY. *(Looking at tape)* Great Christopher! *(Dashes to 'phone.)*

BRAGDON. Ten and one half! Heavens, see it go up!

MONTY. *(Into 'phone, yelling)* Get Allison & Co. quick!

*(Enter* COLONEL DREW *in intense excitement, white-faced and trembling. Goes quickly to* MONTY, *noticing others. Speaks to* MONTY *in low voice, grasping his hand and shaking it—*MONTY *too anxious for the 'phone bell to comprehend immediately.)*

COLONEL. My boy, how can I thank you?

MONTY. Did you buy some, too?

COLONEL. Bragdon has told me how you refused to draw out your balance——

MONTY. *(Distractedly)* Oh, that's all right. *(Noticing* COLONEL's *terrible excitement and white face and with sudden awe of pity.* DREW *looks toward* SUBBY *and* BRAGDON *at ticker.)*

BRAGDON. *(Gleefully)* Eleven!

MONTY. *(Turns back upon* COLONEL, *who is about to speak, and grabs 'phone again—*COLONEL *too intent upon the bank to think of anything else, walks excitedly up stage and down again—*MONTY *speaks into 'phone)* Where's Allison & Co.? I don't care if they are busy! You get Allison & Co. and get them quick! *(Seeing* COLONEL *again.)* Excuse me, Colonel. Little business. Can I be of any further help?

COLONEL. *(Clutches* MONTY *by the arms)* Brewster, listen. I must pull this thing through. It would kill me to have that bank close—it shan't close! I came to ask——

MONTY. *('Phone bell—*MONTY, *who has been listening attentively, springs to 'phone)* Hello, Allison? What? Oh, blazes! It's for you, Colonel.

*(*COLONEL *takes 'phone—stands in front of* MONTY's *desk* C.*)*

BRAGDON. Twelve! Monty, twelve! (MONTY *jumps to ticker, then back. Makes movement as if to take 'phone away from* COLONEL.*)*

COLONEL. Hello. Who? *(Slight pause. Then he looks front with agonized expression—sinks into chair.)* My God!

MONTY. *(Taking 'phone from him and hanging up receiver—sympathetically)* What is it, Colonel?

COLONEL. *(Rises, goes* L.*)* Oglethorpe wants to draw $250,000.

MONTY. Well, let him have it. That's just what I was going to deposit.

COLONEL. *(Brokenly)* My boy! *(Tries to seize* MONTY'S *hand as 'phone bell rings.* MONTY *jumps to 'phone. The* COLONEL *clutches the air.)*

MONTY. *(In 'phone)* What, busy? You offer Central a thousand dollars to get me Allison.

BOY. *(Enters up* R.3 *with telegram, comes down* R.C.*)* Here's a telegram for you, sir.

MONTY. Go over to Allison & Co. and tell them to call me up. *(Rushes him off* R.3. *Enter* MAC.*)*

MAC. Here's your $250,000. I hope it'll last you through the afternoon.

MONTY. *(Takes money)* I hope not. *(Crosses to* COLONEL D.L.C., *hands* COLONEL *money.)* Here you are, Colonel. (MAC *stays up* C. *by desk.)*

BRAGDON. *(Comes forward a step* R.C.*)* Stop, Monty! Colonel Drew, if you allow Monty to deposit that money with your bank on the point of closing its doors, I say it's no better than stealing!

MONTY. *(*C.*)* Stop that, Brag!

BRAGDON. But Monty, the bank is tottering.

MONTY. I don't believe it's tottering—it's only tittering. *(Crosses to* COLONEL, *gives him money.)*

COLONEL. The bank is as solid as a rock if we can only gain time. This deposit will save the bank and save the $260,000 you now have with us. *(Starts to go* U.L.C.*)*

MONTY. *(Taking money back)* Save it—— Well, wait a minute. On second thoughts, Colonel— *(Crosses* C.*)*

COLONEL. Brewster, I'm telling you the truth. You'll not only save your own money, but the money of hundreds of poor depositors. Think, my boy—think!

MONTY. *(Suddenly realizing that* PEGGY'S *money*

*is in the bank)* Peggy! *(To* COLONEL) Here you are, Colonel. (BRAG *and* MAC *give up the fight now.* MONTY *hands him money.)*

COLONEL. God bless you. *(Exits* U.L.C.*)*

SUBBY. Twelve and one-quarter.

MONTY. *(Grabbing 'phone again)* Is anybody going to get me Allison & Co.?

SUBBY. Twelve and one-half.

MONTY. Allison & Co.? Say, what the hell has struck Lumber and Fuel? I know it's going up. Has it a chance to go down?

SUBBY. Twelve and three-quarters!

MONTY. You sell, and sell quick! *(Enter* VANDERPOOL U.L.*)*

VANDERPOOL. *(Comes down quickly)* Say, Monty, I fixed it with the judge. You won't have to pay that fine for speeding.

MONTY. *(Rushing to* L.*)* I wish you'd attend to your own business! I don't want any judge squared.

SUBBY. Great smoke! Monty! What do you think? Polite wins at forty to one! *(Runs down* C. *with piece of ticker tape.)*

MONTY. What! *(Jumps to him and grabs tape.)*

SUBBY. And he had a thousand on him straight! *(Bus. congratulations.)*

CURTAIN

(MONTY *reads tape and collapses. The boys shaking his hands and slapping him on the back by way of congratulations—he is dazed.)*

*(Second picture—same.)*

*(Third—All boys except* NOPPER *and* MONTY.*)*

*(Fourth call—*PEGGY *and* MONTY.*)*

## ACT III

SCENE: *Represents deck on yacht. Orchestra on stage playing "Give My Regards to Broadway." Piano—after rise. Music on stage.*

AT RISE: *Moonlight.* VAN *sitting* B.C., MISS ARMSTRONG *stands* C., *mixing cocktail. Tray on cabin roof* L. *with ingredients. "Owner Ashore" lantern. Seven bells.*

VAN. *(On chair* R.*)* You're awfully kind, old chap. It's great to have a pal like you.

MISS ARMSTRONG. *(At cabin roof, dashing shaker)* Think so?

VAN. Yes, indeed. *(She turns drink into glass and offers it to him. He takes it—rises.)* Thank you. Where's yours?

MISS ARMSTRONG. You know perfectly well that I don't drink.

VAN. I hoped you would this time. I am going to drink to Home.

MISS ARMSTRONG. Are you getting sentimental about your country?

VAN. Sentimental, after all your teaching? I should think not. Only, that tune—"Give My Regards to Broadway"—— (MISS ARMSTRONG *looks away.)* Guess I'm homesick, old chap. *(She looks quickly at him.) Platonically!* I have a great big—*friendly* feeling just now for the U.S.A. and I'm going to drink to it with a good old American cocktail. Here's to New York! The best town in the best country in the world! *(Offering glass.)* Now

won't you? (MISS ARMSTRONG *touches the glass with her lips.)* E. Pluribus Unum! *(Front. Drinks. She looks and shakes her head.)*

MISS ARMSTRONG. You mustn't get homesick too often. Cocktails aren't good for you—after dinner, too. *(Takes glass over and puts it down* R.C. *on cabin roof.)*

VAN. *(Crosses* R.*)* They are good *any time* when you make them. *(Goes to her* C.*)* Somehow, old chap, everything you do seems all right to me. I never had a pal I liked so before.

MISS ARMSTRONG. *(Warningly)* Now, Van! Remember. None of that. You know I don't approve of anything sentimental. *(Turns away.)*

VAN. *(*C.*)* You are always saying that we should be honest with each other.

MISS ARMSTRONG. We should be honest. That is one of the delights of the platonic belief.

VAN. *(Goes to her)* Well, there's something particular I want to be honest about with you, Janice.

MISS ARMSTRONG. *(Turns to him)* Well, what is it?

VAN. Beautiful evening, isn't it?

MISS ARMSTRONG. Was that what you wanted to be honest about?

VAN. No—I——

MISS ARMSTRONG. Then what was it? Are you afraid to tell me?

VAN. No—I——

MISS ARMSTRONG. Well, then, out with it.

VAN. I'm in love, that's all.

MISS ARMSTRONG. Van! *(Sharply.)*

VAN. Awful, isn't it?

MISS ARMSTRONG. It is indeed—I'm disappointed in you, Van. *(Starts away* L.*)*

VAN. Please don't go. *(Crosses to her—she stops.)* You see, I need your advice. Perhaps you

can help me to fight down this miserable, weak feeling.

MISS ARMSTRONG. *(Turns, scornfully)* My advice will be of very little use in a love affair.

VAN. But you know the girl so well. You see, I want to find out if she cares for me—if I could ask her to——

MISS ARMSTRONG. I don't want to hear any more. I have always known that the two worst things in the world for platonism are cocktails and moonlight. Good night. *(Starts away* L.*)*

VAN. *(Holding her)* Just one question, Janice. If you'll answer me honestly, I won't say another word about it.

MISS ARMSTRONG. You promise?

VAN. I promise.

MISS ARMSTRONG. *(*R.C.*, looks at him steadily)* Well? Go on——

VAN. Do you think, honestly now, that Barbara Drew cares anything about me?

MISS ARMSTRONG. *(Turns in front quickly, with sudden emotion which she cannot conceal)* Why—I——

VAN. *(Takes her face in his hands suddenly and kisses her)* You've answered me, thanks. *(Crosses to* R.*)*

MISS ARMSTRONG. *(Horrified)* Oh!

VAN. I have thought you loved me for some time—now I know it.

MISS ARMSTRONG. I don't—I——

VAN. *(Turns—positively)* Yes, you do—— *(Crosses back to her,* C.*)* Let's be honest now. I don't care about any other girl—but you. But your platonic nonsense isn't going to come between us any longer. After we are married and have had a good long honeymoon, you can begin your platonism again if you want to. *(Crosses* R.*)*

MISS ARMSTRONG. How dared you kiss me? How

dare you talk to me about marriage? You have behaved like a beast——

VAN. *(R.)* You couldn't go on like that if you didn't love me.

MISS ARMSTRONG. Love you, indeed! I hate you, *I hate you!*

VAN. *(R., sudden change of manner)* You mean that?

MISS ARMSTRONG. *(Wildly)* Yes, I mean that.

VAN. All right, then. Good-bye. *(Bum melodramatic manner. He suddenly rips off coat and leaps to the rail up* L.C.*)*

MISS ARMSTRONG. *(Runs up and holds him, screams)* What are you doing? Don't jump. *(She holds him desperately.)*

VAN. *(On rail* U.L.C.*)* Let me go—you don't care for me! *(Struggles to get away.)*

MISS ARMSTRONG. *(Pleading with all her might)* Don't—Van, don't—*please* don't! Perhaps I *do* care!

VAN. Ah! *(Leaves rail. She throws her arms around him and kisses him. Gets down quickly and takes her in his arms.)* My darling! (MAC *and* BRAGDON *enter quickly* L.2.)

MAC. What the deuce is the matter?

VAN. I nearly went overboard and Miss Armstrong saved my life. (MISS ARMSTRONG *stands rigid a moment—then dashes off* L.2.)

MAC. *(L.)* You're a nice chap. Why weren't you in the cabin for the meeting?

VAN. *(Putting on his coat,* L.C.*)* I had something much more important on hand. What did you decide upon? *(Sits* R.C.*)*

BRAG. *(L.C.)* I've drawn up a petition asking Monty to sail for home. Every one is to sign it. You must present it to Monty before us all. *(Cross* L.C.*)*

VAN. I don't want to present your old petition. I'd like to have the cruise last the rest of my life.

(STEWARD *enters* L.2, *switches on deck lights and exits* L.2. *Foots go up one-quarter white.)*

BRAG. *(*L.C.*)* Then you're the only one. The rest of us want to get home.

MAC. *(*L.C.*)* Get anywhere to stop Monty spending any more money on us.

VAN. He certainly has entertained us up to the limit.

MAC. *(*L.*)* He's entertained us to death and we're all sick of it. Why, even the sailors are kicking. They are tired of being fed on birds and champagne, and they want some salt pork and beer.

BRAG. *(Taking paper from pocket)* You ought to see this statement, Van. It's awful. Less than a year since he was left his fortune and it's half gone! Think of his blowing in half a million in ten months.

MAC. And it's only by fool luck he has half of it left. If he hadn't broken the bank at Monte Carlo——

BRAG. I tried to congratulate him that night, but he wouldn't have it at all. What do you think he said?

VAN. What?

BRAG. "Take warning by me, Brag, and never gamble!"

MAC. There's only one answer to all this, boys.

VAN. What is it?

MAC. *He's dippy.* And you'll all find it out some day. Anyhow, the first thing to do is to get him home. What do you suppose we've been anchored here five days for? *(Noise of launch.)*

BRAG. That's what I'd like to know. The Captain has tried to get away from this coast. Says it

would be dangerous here if we catch a blow—but Monty won't listen.

MAC. And he hangs around the cable office in town all day long. He's got some scheme on hand, sure, that he won't tell us about.

VAN. Well, if he has some secret reasons for staying here, what's the good of our petition?

MAC. If we make it strong enough, he'll either have to tell us or agree to take us home.

BRAG. *(Going up and looking off* L.*)* Here's his launch. You get the petition, Van, bring the people up here, and we'll have it over with. *(Comes down* C.*)*

VAN. All right. Just as you say. Only I don't feel like wasting—*(Rises—crosses and exits* L.2. *Bell—*1—2-1.*)*—time with petitions and rows just now. *(Exits* L.*)*

*(STOP Launch.)*

MAC. *(Going up)* Why! It's not Monty! It's a stranger. Hang me if it isn't the Frenchman Monty was with in Monte Carlo.

BRAG. *(*R.C.*)* The chap he said was his agent?

MAC. Yes. *(Comes down.)*

BRAG. By Jove! He's the reason we've been sticking here. Now we'll try to find out what's up. *(Starts up* L.*)*

MAC. Sh! *(Crosses* L. BRAG *goes* R.*)*

*(Enter* U.L. MONSIEUR BARGEE. *Comes down* C.*)*

BARGEE. Ah, gentlemans, you will pardon, but is it not that I may see Meester Brewster at once?

BRAG. He's ashore at present.

BARGEE. Ashore? Oh, that is too bad! I must tell him new important, very important. I order the boat who brings me here to return to the land. Perhaps I can call eem back! *(Starts up stage.)*

MAC. *(Goes after him and quickly stopping* BAR-

GEE) No, don't do that. Mr. Brewster will be here soon now. *(Down.)*

BARGEE. You are sure of this? There is no time to lose.

MAC. *(L.C.)* If he doesn't come we'll get you ashore.

BARGEE. *(C.)* Ah, to you, I am much oblige.

MAC. That's all right.

BRAG. *(Cross to* BARGEE) You are the gentleman Mr. Brewster sent away on business?

BARGEE. Ah! You know about eem, eh?

MAC. *(Reassuringly)* Why, you remember we met you in Monte Carlo——

BARGEE. In Monte Carlo, oui.

BRAG. When Mr. Brewster spoke to you about—

BARGEE. About what?

MAC. Yes, he spoke to you about—about the plan, you know.

BARGEE. Oui. About the plan. But he tell me it was a secret.

BRAG. A secret. Oh, yes, of course. He doesn't want his guests to know about it. (BARGEE *looks perplexed.)*

MAC. *(Whispering in his ear)* Oh, no! He wouldn't want them to know about it, would he?

BARGEE. Well, he tell me it was secret business.

MAC. That's it. Secret business. What's the good of a secret if everybody knows about it? I—or we—we ourselves wouldn't have known about it if it wasn't that—he—*(Indicating* BRAGDON)—is Mr. Brewster's private secretary.

BRAG. Yes. I'm his private secretary—and you know a man always tells his private secretary everything.

BARGEE. Ah, then I can tell *you* everything. *(With great pride.* BARGEE *looks* L. *and* R. *Boys do same bus.)* I have seen the Mayor at Albereese and he has consent.

MAC. *(After a glance at* BRAGDON*—boys both laugh mirthlessly)* Oh, the Mayor has consented, has he?

BARGEE. *(To* MAC*)* But should Mistaire Brewster fail to arrive in Albereese in two days—ees all off.

MAC. It's all off.

BARGEE. *(To* BRAG*)* Oui. Ees too late.

*(CITY Starts to Light Slowly.)*

BRAG. Too late for what?

BARGEE. Don't you understand?

BRAG. No, I'm hanged if I do.

BARGEE. De Birthday of the Saint come on the 16th de month and to make a public holiday the Mayor must make announcement by de tenth or it cannot be.

BRAG. *(To* MAC*)* Either he's crazy or Monty is. *(Goes* R.*)*

MAC. They are both crazy.

BARGEE. *(To* MAC*)* Ha! ha! ha!—the Mayor he tell me I am crazy, too.

MAC. Well, you can't blame him for that.

BARGEE. But at last he say, if Mr. Brewster give to him by the tenth the two million francs, he *will* make the holiday, and the carnival can take place.

BRAG. *(To* MAC*)* Two million francs! That's about all he's got left.

MAC. I'm going to straighten this out or die. Now see here, sir. Mr. Brewster sent you to the Mayor of Albereese, didn't he?

BARGEE. That was after I tell him of the Saint, you know.

MAC. *(Undecidedly)* Yes, I know. But why did you tell him of the saint?

BARGEE. Eet was this way. Monsieur Brewster say to me he would like to give a grand celebration to surprise his friends. I tell him of a Saint that is buried in Albereese that do not have his birthday

celebrate these one hundred years, the Saint Brewstoro. He say, "Brewstoro? Ah, he is my ancestor."

MAC. He told you the Saint was his ancestor?

BARGEE. Oui, Monsieur. Then he say—I celebrate his birthday and I pay for everything. Now the birthday ees come the 16th this month, so Meester Brewster he sent me quick to Albereese to tell the Mayor if he will make that day a public holiday he will pay two million francs to give great carnival in honor of his ancestor.

MAC. He must be damned fond of his ancestor.

BARGEE. So you see ees important I inform Meester Brewster at once—because after two days ees too late.

MAC. Then if Mr. Brewster doesn't get to Albereese in two days this carnival can't take place?

BARGEE. No, it is quite impossible.

MAC. We'll see that he gets there—not! *(Noise of launch.)*

BRAG. *(R.C.)* In the meantime, can't we offer you some refreshments?

BARGEE. *(Cross R.C.)* Ah, Monsieur, I have the long journey. I don't eat. I don't drink. (STEWARD *enters* L.)

MAC. *(Cross* C.) Oh, you don't, eh? That's too bad. Perhaps you'd like a smoke. Steward, take this gentleman below and see he has everything he wishes.

STEWARD. *(L.)* Yes, sir. This way, please, sir. *(Going* L., *exit* L.2.)

BARGEE. *(To* MACK) Thank you very much. *(Following* STEWARD, *turning)* You will please tell Mr. Brewster I am here the moment he come.

BRAG. Yes, we'll tell him.

BARGEE. I thank you very much. Au revoir. *(Exits* L.2.)

MAC. *(After a pause, looks at* BRAGDON, *shakes*

*his head)* Can you beat it? Now do you think he's dippy?

BRAG. *(Sits on deck top)* I don't know what to think. How can we prevent him meeting the Frenchman?

MAC. We might throw the Frenchman overboard. I can't think of any other way. *(*R.C. *Launch heard. Runs up, looks off* L.3.)

BRAG. Here's Monty's launch now. *(Crosses back down* L.C. CAPTAIN, *two sailors cross* R. *Three to* L.3. *Bell* 1—2—1—*stop launch.)*

MAC. Now listen— don't let Monty know we've found this out. First show him your statement, and if that doesn't bring him to his senses we'll tell them all what's he's trying to do and have everyone refuse to go with him.

BRAG. He'd probably go without us.

MAC. Then we must find a way to stop him.

BRAG. How?

MAC. I don't know yet. Sh! *(Cross* R. BRAGDON *crosses to* R.C.*)*

MONTY. *(Off stage)* All right, boys. Thank you very much—good night. *(Enter* MONTY *up* L.*)* Hello, boys. Has a stranger come on board?

MAC. Who?

MONTY. Why, a Frenchman with a face and a nose, etc.

BRAG. *(Cross to* MONTY*)* Well, here's something very important. *(Shows statement.)*

MONTY. Nothing could be more important. *(He crosses up* L.C.*)*

BRAG. *Yes, it is.* Here's your statement to August 1st.

MONTY. *(Comes back down. Sailor lowers "Owner's Ashore" light)* Go on.

BRAG. The items are——

MONTY. Never mind the items. How much have I got left? That's what's worrying me.

BRAG. *(C.)* Just about half what your grandfather gave you.

MONTY. Great Cæsar's funeral! Five hundred thousand and here it is the 10th of August.

MAC. Less than a year—since you began your—business.

MONTY. Not much less—only a month and a half—don't forget that. *(Cross* R.*)*

BRAG. It would have been a great deal worse than it is now if you hadn't had that wonderful luck at Monte Carlo. *(*MONTY *puts his hands on his forehead and winces.)*

MAC. Of course, the two hundred and fifty thousand dollars you won helps to——

MONTY. *(Crosses back to* C.*)* Boys, please—hold on. Do me a favor, will you? Never mention Monte Carlo to me again.

BRAG. But think what you won——

MONTY. I don't want to think—I'm a sick man—makes me feel like a common gambler.

BRAG. Monty, don't you realize that it won't do to go on spending money this way?

MONTY. You bet I realize it—I've got to find some other way. *(*BRAGDON *crosses up* L.C. *in disgust.)*

MAC. *(Crosses* C.*)* If you keep this up, you'll go broke in no time. You haven't very much left now.

MONTY. I haven't, eh? Haven't much left? I've got oceans, that's all. Just oceans of it—— *(He crosses* R.*)*

*(Enter* L.2 BARGEE. *Comes* C. *to* MONTY.*)*

BARGEE. Ah!

MONTY. Ah! *(*R.*)*

BARGEE. Mr. Brewster, I am so glad again to see you——

MONTY. Glad to see—well—— *(They embrace.)* Well, what luck?

BARGEE. Eet ees all right!

MONTY. Good for you!

BARGEE. The Mayor ees consent——

MONTY. Hurrah!

BARGEE. You must get to Albereese in two days or it's too late.

MONTY. Two days—sail at daylight, make it in a day.

*(Enter in order named from cabin* L., VAN, MRS. DAN, SUBBY, MISS DREW *and* MISS ARMSTRONG *and* PEGGY. MAC *and* BRAGDON *come down stage—they form a solemn procession.* VAN *has large document.)*

BARGEE. At first the Mayor he do not believe—

MONTY. *(Seeing people enter—to* BARGEE) Sh-h! (BARGEE *crosses* R. *To those coming on)* Halt! Hello, what's this procession for?

VAN. Monty, your guests have all decided they want this cruise to end.

MONTY. *(*C.*)* All right—we're going to end it.

ALL. Hurrah—bully for you—home at last! etc. (VAN *tears up petition.)*

MONTY. We're going to end it in a blaze of glory.

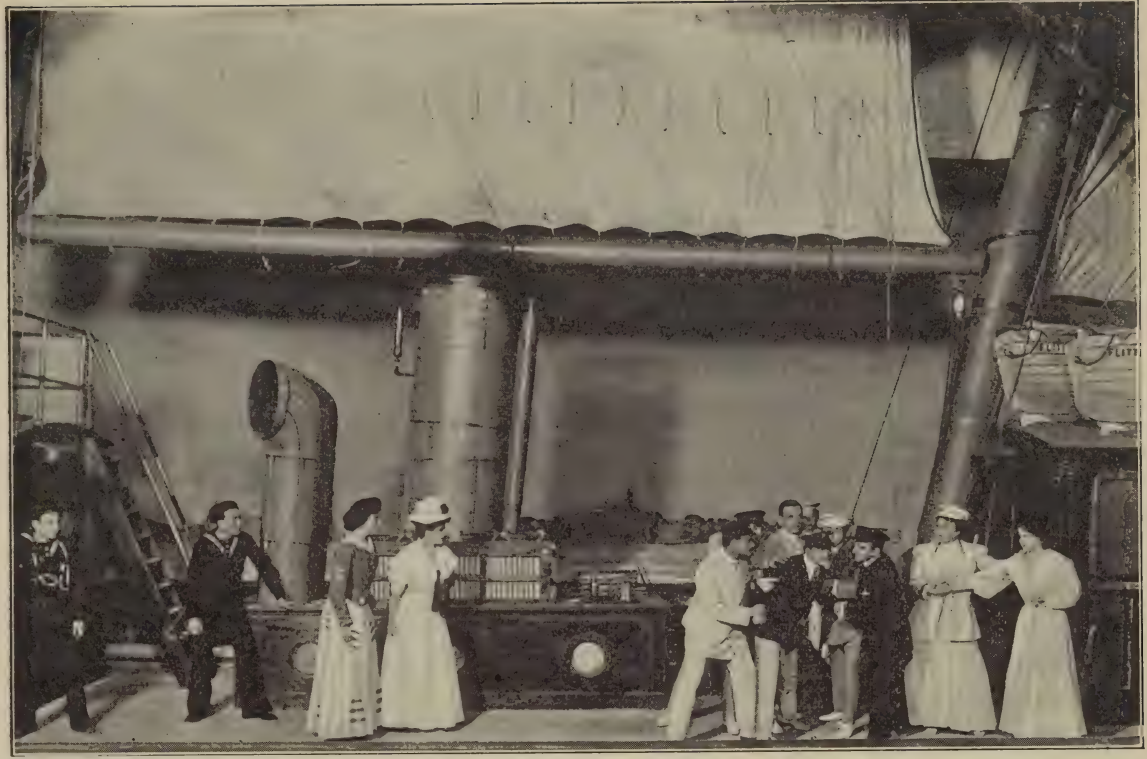
ALL. What do you mean? What's he thought of now? We'll never get home! etc.

MONTY. Just a moment, please. Ladies and gentlemen, allow me to present my dear friend, Monsieur Bargee, who has just come to us from the Mayor of Albereese.

MAC. *(Aside)* Brag—we're in for it now.

MONTY. I've got a great surprise in store for you —I have Italian blood in my veins——

ALL. What? What are you talking about? etc.



"Brewster's Millions"

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MONTY. Let me finish, please. Have you ever heard of Saint Brewstoro?

MRS. DAN. Saint who?

MONTY. Saint Brewstoro—don't you see—Brewster—Saint Brewster? Well, Bargee has discovered that Saint Brewstoro is my ancestor. Now a great carnival is to be given at Abereese on the sixteenth in honor of his birthday and we're to be the guests of honor.

ALL. *(Come down* L.*)* Oh, come off, Monty! Now, what's this? Behave! *(Etc.)*

MONTY. I refer you to Monsieur Bargee.

BARGEE. Weel, ees this way, you see——

MONTY. Tut—tut—just yes or no. Are we or are we not to be the guests of honor?

BARGEE. *(Bowing and laughing)* Ah, oui.

MONTY. Yes, are we?

BARGEE. Ah! Oui!

MONTY. That's what I said—we are.

BARGEE. Ha! ha! ha! *(Laughs.)* We are.

MONTY. Then you see—ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! we are!

ALL. Oh, but see here! Now, Monty—— Cut it! *(Etc.)*

MONTY. Now wait until you hear what is to take place. Bargee tells me the parade will be the most gorgeous pageant seen in years. All the streets will be paved with roses. They're going to have one hundred and sixty carloads of spaghetti.

BARGEE. Confetti——

MONTY. Confetti—pardon. For Subby there there will be hundreds of beautiful, dark-eyed dancing girls.

SUBBY. I'm for that.

MONTY. *(*PEGGY *goes* L.C. *to rail)* I thought you would be. For Mac, baseball game in the afternoon, prize fight at night. For Miss Armstrong—— Ah, where is Miss Armstrong? *(*JANICE *steps down.)*

Ah, yes—for Miss Armstrong they're going to have a nice, friendly, *platonic* bull fight. (MAC *and* BRAGDON *are whispering in each of the guests' ears and they are exiting very quietly* L.2.)

BARGEE. If I may explain——

MONTY. You can't explain. You don't speak English well enough. Now shall we accept the Mayor's very kind invitation? Sub? Then that's settled. We sail at daylight. The Royal Opera Co. at Milan will give a special performance—in Italian—of "Uncle Tom's Cabin"——

BARGEE. If I may explain——

MONTY. Shut up! Now shall we or shall we not all—— *(Turns, finds guests gone.)* Where have they all——

MAC. (L.C.) Monty, your guests are going to hold a little meeting in the cabin.

MONTY. All right—what is it about?

MAC. Well, this time it's a little surprise for you. (MONTY *crosses* C. *To* BARGEE) Won't you come below, sir?

BARGEE. *(Cross to* L.) Certainly—with pleasure.

MONTY. (C.) I say, Bargee!

BARGEE. (L.) Oui?

MONTY. *(Aside to him)* Whatever you do—don't talk.

*(EIGHT Bells.)*

BARGEE. Certainly. *(All are off except* PEGGY. *She crosses from* U.D.C. *to* L.B.)

MONTY. (R.C.) Peggy!

PEGGY. (L.2.) Yes?

MONTY. You are not going below just yet, are you?

PEGGY. No, I was only going——

MONTY. Yes, I know, that's what you always do ever since we've been on this cruise. You've managed it so that we are never together.

PEGGY. We are together now, aren't we? *(Starts to exit.)*

MONTY. *(C.)* Yes, I know. But you were going.

PEGGY. Why, not going——

MONTY. Yes, you were. I just saw you move. Don't go for a moment, Peggy. I want to ask you a question. Won't you sit down?

PEGGY. Yes, if you wish.

MONTY. Thank you. *(Places chair* L.C. *She sits.)*

PEGGY. What is it you want to ask me?

MONTY. I want to know if it's my squandering of money that has made it different with us?

PEGGY. How—made it different?

MONTY. I don't know. Before this money came I used to think you cared—I—we—— Peggy, I can't bear to have you avoid me. I know you think I've been acting like a fool and a crazy man, but you see I've been up against a game that's—well, that is, I've been trying to do something. You see, I have to sp—— It's a terrible difficult thing to explain something that you can't explain—isn't it? Well, I promise you one thing, as soon as this carnival is over, there will be no more squandering of money. *(Sits on stool on her* R.*)*

PEGGY. Do you mean that there will be nothing left to squander?

MONTY. Well—that's one reason. Peggy, tell me, why did you come on this cruise?

*(MUSIC On Stage.)*

PEGGY. Because you said you wouldn't go unless I came.

MONTY. And you wanted me to go?

PEGGY. Yes——

MONTY. On this yacht? (PEGGY *nods her head.)* You did, eh?

PEGGY. *(Low voice)* Yes.

MONTY. Why?

PEGGY. Because I wanted you to get away from New York, from certain things.

MONTY. What things?

PEGGY. Oh, I can't tell you. Let's talk of something else.

MONTY. All right. Like to talk about the weather for a few minutes? Beautiful night, isn't it? Everything peaceful and still. Just as soon as this carnival is over we are going home. Do you know, Peggy, whenever I say "home" I always think of your home and your mother's home. The happiest days of my life were spent there. Do you remember the attic?

PEGGY. *(Softly)* Yes.

MONTY. The cubbyhole and how we used to read Oliver Optic together—and play keeping house. You were father and I was mother. Remember how you used to make tea——

PEGGY. And you drank——

MONTY. Yes, delicious, wasn't it—made of hot water, milk and sugar. Remember the day I smoked old Hendrick's pipe and you promised not to tell mother? Gee, I was sick—but I'd be willing to be sick a thousand times, Peggy, if we could only go back to that little attic again and be kids for just a few hours. *(Bus. Rises, crosses up* L.C.*—then back and kneels on her left.)* Peggy, do you remember what we used to say we'd be when we grew up?

PEGGY. *(After a pause)* We used to say a great many things.

MONTY. But *the* thing?

PEGGY. Was there a *the* thing?

MONTY. Yes. We used to say that—*(Continues as if afraid to say it)*—when we grew up we'd be married.

PEGGY. And then we grew up—and now we see things differently.

MONTY. Yes, I know—but I shall never see *the* thing differently.

PEGGY. Don't!

MONTY. I've tried not to tell you, but I can't help it, Peggy. I love you! I do! I do! *(He starts to take her in his arms. She rises and crosses* R., *speaking.)*

PEGGY. You must not say that to me—you must not.

MONTY. *(Rises* L.C.*)* Why, you know you mean everything in the world to me. What's on your mind, dear? Why don't you tell me? Is it something about New York? *(She starts.) It is.* Oh, tell me, Peggy, please—please!

PEGGY. I can't tell you. Why, you have a perfect right to interest yourself in stocks—theatres—operas—anything.

MONTY. Operas. Oh—Peggy—why, you can't mean—— You think I—— *(She nods.)* Oh, you're terribly mistaken. Why, I only produced that opera because—I can't tell you, but I will soon. I'll tell you—I'll tell everybody. *(*R. *Crosses.)*

PEGGY. *(Crosses to him)* I hope you can—I hope you will.

MONTY. You mean that you could care for me then?

PEGGY. I don't know.

*(STOP Music.)*

(BARBARA DREW *enters* L.)

BARBARA. Miss Gray—— Oh, I beg your pardon. *(Crosses up and* R. MONTY *goes* R.*)*

(FIRST OFFICER *enters from* R.3.)

FIRST OFFICER. Pardon me, Mr. Brewster. The

Captain wishes to get under way at once—it looks like a bad storm, sir.

MONTY. Sh—— *(To Ladies)* Pardon me—— (FIRST OFFICER *points to chart room* R.I. FIRST OFFICER *opens door.* MONTY *exits.* FIRST OFFICER *follows.)*

BARBARA. *(Comes down to* PEGGY) Have you heard what is going on below?

PEGGY. No.

BARBARA. It is too awful. The men are going to mutiny——

PEGGY. Mutiny?

BARBARA. I mean they will try to take the boat into their own hands. They think Mr. Brewster is insane.

PEGGY. Impossible. *(Sits* L.C.*)*

BARBARA. They have found out from the Frenchman that he intends to pay all the expenses of this carnival. Mr. McCloud thinks it will cost all he has left of his fortune. Oh, I wish I had never come on this horrible cruise. These frightful extravagances will reflect on us all. When I think that only a few months ago I might have been foolish enough to marry him—what a lucky escape! It shows that one can never be too careful.

PEGGY. How did the men find out that Mr. Brewster wanted to marry you?

BARBARA. Why, they *haven't* found out.

PEGGY. Then why do they think he's insane?

BARBARA. *(Furiously)* Do you mean——?

PEGGY. *(Rises)* I mean that Mr. Brewster is our host and has entertained us royally. If we criticize him behind his back we do far worse than he—we insult him——

BARBARA. I didn't know before how much he meant to you.

PEGGY. Then I'm glad you've found it out—he means a great deal to me. (MISS ARMSTRONG *enters*

D.2.) Now we'll change the subject if you don't mind.

MISS ARMSTRONG. Will one of you girls come down and play me a game of pinochle? *(Exit* MISS ARMSTRONG *and* PEGGY L.2.)

FIRST OFFICER. *(Off* R.3.) All ready to get under way, sir.

CAPTAIN. Very good. Heave short——

MAC. *(Off* L.C.) Cap'n—can I have a word with you? (MAC *and* BRAGDON *enter from* L.2, *down as the ladies exit up* L.2. *They join* VAN *and* CAPTAIN, *who have entered.)*

CAPTAIN. Please don't interrupt me now. We're getting under way.

MAC. We must speak to you.

CAPTAIN. *(Comes down a step)* No time now, sir. We're going to get a gale from the sou'west. I can't be caught on a lee shore. *(Gives orders.)*

BRAG. *(L.)* It's important that you hear us now, Captain. We'll only detain you a moment.

CAPTAIN. *(Comes down)* Well, sir?

MAC. Captain, we want you to sail for New York.

CAPTAIN. New York? When?

MAC. At once. Can you do it?

CAPTAIN. Certainly I can. Is that what Mr. Brewster wants?

VAN. That's the trouble.

BRAG. We think he's mentally unbalanced.

CAPTAIN. *(Looks)* Why?

VAN. From things which have happened.

MAC. We have got to take the matter in our own hands.

CAPTAIN. Mr. Brewster's my chief, sir.

MAC. And we are his friends. He must be kept from going to Abereese. It will ruin him if he gets there.

CAPTAIN. If Mr. Brewster orders me to sail for Abereese I must do it.

BRAG. But I am his private secretary. If I give you orders from Mr. Brewster, can't you carry them out?

CAPTAIN. I can unless he countermands them.

MAC. He *won't* countermand them; we'll guarantee you *that*.

CAPTAIN. Very well. You order me to sail for New York?

BRAG. I order you to sail for New York.

CAPTAIN. Very good. *(Crosses up* L. *Exits* L.3.)

MAC. *(Bus.)* Now it's up to us to get Monty out of the way. He must be kept away from the Captain.

BRAG. We'll speak to him—beg him once more. If he refuses, we'll lock him up.

MAC. Ah—here he comes. (MONTY *enters* R.2, *crosses* C.L.) Monty, we want to speak to you. (MAC *crosses to* R.C.)

MONTY. *(C.)* I've got to see the Captain a moment.

BRAG. *(L.C., with determination)* We wish to talk with you first, please.

MONTY. *(C., looking at him)* Why, certainly. Only we are getting under way and I want to give the Captain sailing orders.

BRAG. *(L.C.)* He has his orders, Monty.

MONTY. Who gave them?

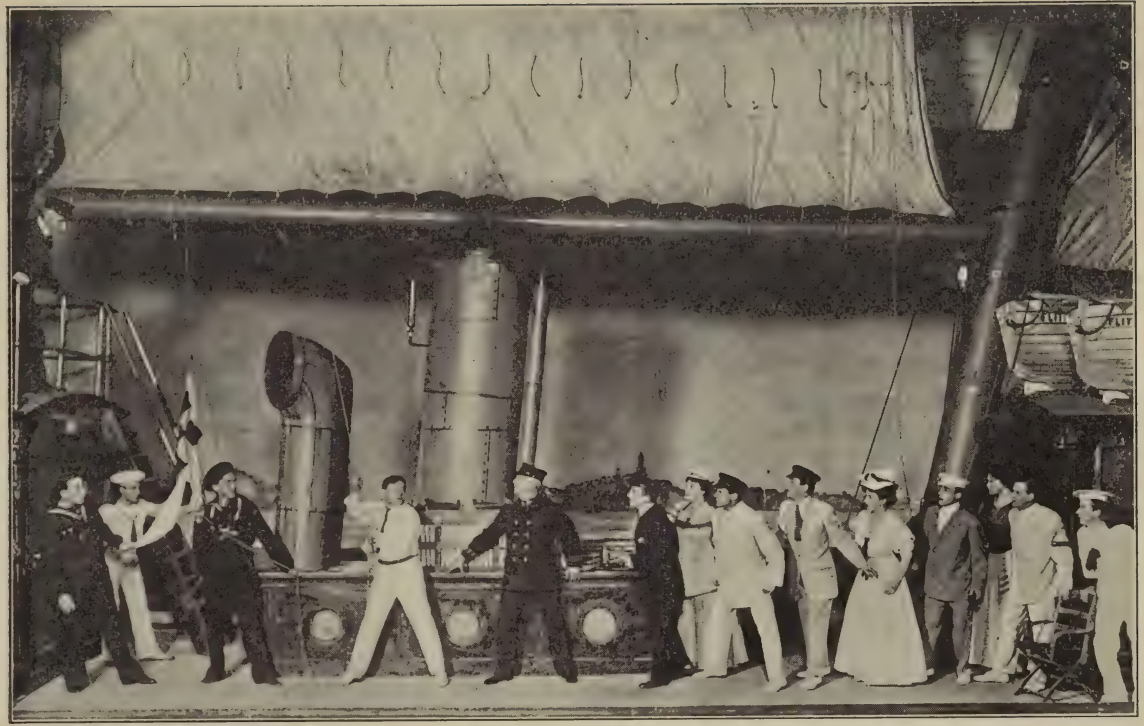
BRAG. I did—he is ordered to sail for New York.

MONTY. That's a bit cheeky, don't you think, Brag? I'll settle it quickly, though. *(Starts* L.)

MAC. *(Stopping him)* Just a moment. *(Guests enter from up* L.2.)

MONTY. Now see here. Do you fellows think you can improve on my plan to go to the carnival?

BRAG. Yes, old man.



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MAC. We think it will be an improvement to cut it out.

MONTY. Oh, do you, eh?

VAN. Listen, Monty—you've given us a wonderful trip. We are all grateful—but now we've had enough.

MONTY. But it'll only last a week and we'll all enjoy it.

MRS. DAN. No, Monty, we don't want to go.

MONTY. Mrs. Dan, I'm very sorry. But it's too late now. We've accepted the invitation. I ask you all to go as a favor.

BRAG. And we ask you, as a favor, to give it up.

MONTY. I can't, Brag. We've got to go.

MAC. You are not going to crowd your entertainment down our throats against our will, are you?

MONTY. *(Pause)* Now see here. I don't call this playing fair. I'm doing the best I can, under the circumstances, but I've got a particular reason for wanting to attend this carnival—I think you ought all to come with me.

VAN. We've found out from your agent that you are arranging this carnival yourself.

BRAG. And that you are going to stand all the expense.

MAC. It will ruin you and we don't propose to let you do it.

MONTY. Now look here, Mac; this is my money and not yours, and my business and not yours. Now drop it, please.

MRS. DAN. It is our business, Monty, to the extent that we refuse to go with you.

MONTY. *(Looking about at them—at last singles out* PEGGY *and keeps his eyes fixed upon her)* Is that the way you all feel?

ALL. Yes. (MONTY *continues to look at* PEGGY.)

PEGGY. We all want to go home, Monty.

*(FIRST Thunder—Very Light.)*

MONTY. Very well—home it shall be.

ALL. Good! Bravo! Thank you! etc.

MONTY. The yacht will drop me at Abereese and then take you to New York. I'm going to hold that carnival if I have to hold it all by myself. Now excuse me, please. *(They seize him—*MONTY *struggling for a moment.)* Take your hands off me! Take your hands off me!

PEGGY. *(Starting forward)* Oh, don't! (MRS. DAN *detains her. She covers her eyes with her hands.)*

MAC. *(To* PETT) Open that door—break the bell wire and get the key.

MONTY. *(Quietly)* What are you going to do?

BRAG. It's up to us now, Monty. The Captain has orders to sail for New York. We are not going to let you countermand them if we can help it.

VAN. It's for your own sake.

MONTY. *(Struggling with all his might)* Boys, you don't know what you're doing. Take your hands off me!

PEGGY. Monty, please go—please go for my sake.

MONTY. *(Stops struggling)* All right. *(The boys release him. He looks at* PEGGY *and quietly exits into chartroom* R.2. *The door is quickly closed and locked by Sailor. Loud crash—storm. Ladies all exit* L.2, *screaming—except* PEGGY, *who goes back of mast* L.)

MAC. *(Broken voice)* Serves him damned well right—— *(Jingle—whistles blow—sails.)*

BRAG. We'll never forget this, boys. *(Bell—thunder and lightning—wind blows—storm increases.* FIRST OFFICER *comes down from* L.)

CAPTAIN. *(Enters* L.3 *with* STEWARD) Put out deck lights. (STEWARD *does so and exits* R.1.) On deck there!

STEWARD. *(Off)* Aye, aye, sir.

CAPTAIN. Bring to the chains.

STEWARD. *(Off)* Aye, aye, sir.

CAPTAIN. Secure all boats for sea.

STEWARD. *(Off)* Aye, aye, sir.

CAPTAIN. Get ready the storm sail. You must go below. We are in for a gale. *(Cross stage to* R. *and goes up to bridge.)*

MAC. Go ahead, fellows—I'll guard the room.

BRAG. No use while this storm lasts—you'd be blown overboard.

*(Sailor puts up red sidelight. Storm increases. They exit* R. STEWARD *enters* R. *Storm at its height. He locks cabin door.* PEGGY *sees him. She rushes to him—speaks in pantomime.* STEWARD *tries to have her go below, then gives her bunch of keys and exits* R. *She rushes* R. *to door, unlocks it.* MONTY *comes to door in shirt sleeves—all in white. Storm subsides a little for dialogue. One Sailor swings on stage from cabin entrance by rope* L.—*others enter and clear deck. Storm at its height. Crash.)*

MONTY. Peggy! Captain Perry! Captain Perry!

PEGGY. No, Monty——

CAPTAIN. *(Bridge)* Well, sir?

MONTY. We sail for Abereese.

PEGGY. No—no——

MONTY. For Abereese, Captain, those are my orders.

CAPTAIN. Abereese it is, sir. *(Crash.)*

PEGGY. No, Captain, please—no, no, no!

MONTY. I had to give that order.

PEGGY. I understand what you've done. They were trying to save you, and I released you because I couldn't bear to see you made a prisoner. What will you think of me? *(Cross* L.)

MONTY. Peggy, you don't understand.

PEGGY. I understand what you've done. It was

shameful of you—shameful—shameful! *(Jingle—exits* L.2.)

MONTY. You don't understand. *(*L.*)*

CAPTAIN. *(Bells)* Bertram — Bertram! *(In speaking tube on bridge.* FIRST OFFICER *crosses to* L.*)* What's the break—send him up. *(Descends ladder—sailors run across deck. In tube.)*

MONTY. What's the matter?

CAPTAIN. Pardon me, Mr. Brewster, we've got a break of some kind. (BERTRAM *goes aft, followed by sailors.* QUARTERMASTER *comes back.)*

SAILOR. *(Running from* L.1 *to bridge)* The rudder is broken, sir.

CAPTAIN. How bad is it? *(To* FIRST OFFICER, *who follows from* L.1 *to* R.3 *on run.)*

FIRST OFFICER. Don't think we can make repairs outside of a dry dock.

CAPTAIN. Bad as that? Take the bridge, Bertram. I'll see for myself. *(Exits* L.3.)

MONTY. *(*C.*)* Bertram, what's the trouble?

BERTRAM. *(Crosses back* R.C.*)* We've lost our rudder, Mr. Brewster. We're helpless.

MONTY. Helpless! I've got to be in Abereese in two days. (MAC *and* BRAG *enter* L.2.)

BERTRAM. That's impossible, sir. *(Goes on bridge* R.*)*

MONTY. *(Follows him)* But Bertram, I tell you I've got to be there. Bert—— *(Crash.)* Rudder broken—helpless! I've lost—I've lost! *(*R.C.*)*

BRAG. How did you get out?

MAC. What's happened?

MONTY. Everything has happened. We're helpless. Now look here, you fellows. You were giving orders—go on giving them. Sail for New York, or hell, or anywhere—I'm through!

VOICE. *(Off stage* R.C.*)* Sail ho!

FIRST OFFICER. *(On bridge)* Where away? *(Ship comes on* R.*)*

LOOKOUT ON BRIDGE. On starboard bow.

MONTY. Boys—look, a ship! We can get a tow. *(To* QUARTERMASTER, *who enters* R.3, *followed by Sailor.)* Oh, Mister, what is the signal of distress?

QUARTERMASTER. Fire a cannon, sir.

MONTY. Fire that cannon, Brag. What else?

QUARTERMASTER. Hoist the N.C. signal of distress and turn the searchlight on it.

MONTY. Get those signals. *(Sailor gets them from chart house. To another Sailor, indicating rope at masthead* R.*)* Turn the searchlight on those signals. *(Sailor salutes and exits to bridge. Gun is fired. All scream. Sailor and* MONTY *have tied signals. All enter when cannon is fired.)*

CAPTAIN. *(Enters, rushing down from* L.3) Stop! What the devil is that for?

MONTY. There's a boat over there—we are signalling that ship.

CAPTAIN. But that's a distress signal.

MONTY. Well, we're in distress, aren't we? I know damned well I am.

CAPTAIN. We are perfectly safe, sir. I can rig a jury rudder and sail her in within a week.

MONTY. A week won't do.

CAPTAIN. Man alive, don't hoist that signal!

MONTY. Why?

CAPTAIN. *(Desperately)* If they come in answer to that they can claim salvage.

MONTY. What's that?

CAPTAIN. Salvage—salvage! The entire value of this yacht! Five hundred thousand dollars!

MONTY. What! You mean to say I'll have to pay five hundred thousand dollars?

CAPTAIN. Yes, you'll have to pay. (MONTY *pulls signals up vigorously.)* Don't hoist that signal, for God's sake! *(Rushes to* MONTY.)

MONTY. *(Face suddenly lighting up—pushes him*

*back. Grabs club, hoisting signals rapidly. The signal is answered from tramp steamer)* Now, now, Mr. Jones, come with me.

CURTAIN

(PICTURE—*All looking up stage at answering flash from ship.)*

## ACT IV

SCENE: *Set same as First Act. Ottoman and all furniture is covered with burlap covers and piled up stage, except settee which sets* L. *below arch, also covered. Several large packing-boxes about also. Cards: "Sol. J. Wilson, Auctioneer," pinned on everything. Kitchen table* R. *with packing-box before it. It is twenty minutes before twelve, noon, on September 23rd, one year after the first act,* MONTY'S *twenty-sixth birthday. A subdued funereal atmosphere permeates.*

*Lights full up—white foots. Border side lights—amber. Olivette off* L.

MACK. *(Cross* R.3. *Enters with ledgers,* L.3, *downstairs.)* Brag! Brag!

BRAG. *(Enters from* R.*)* Well, what do you want now?

MAC. *(*C.*)* I want to show you about this ledger. Some of them won't believe Monty's crazy. Miss Gray won't have it for a minute, but wait until they see this.

BRAG. *(Crossing to* MAC*)* What's wrong with it?

MAC. *(*C.*)* Wrong! Why, it's all upside down. Look here. He has placed everything he spent to his credit. Notice what he has charged himself with: "Lumber and Fuel misfortune, $58,550; Monte Carlo education, $75,000; Polite. a race-track error, $50,000." Do you mean to tell me that man's sane?

BRAG. That's the book he always kept locked in his safe. *(Sits on table* R.*)*

MAC. Say, Brag, listen to this item. Credit: "Losing my best friend and breaking his heart, $35,000."

MAC. Nopper Harrison! *(Cross* L.*)*

BRAG. I've always thought Monty knew what became of him.

MAC. Whenever Nopper's name is mentioned, Monty closes up like a clam. *(Puts book back with others on large box up* R. *Enter* RAWLES L.*)*

RAWLES. Mrs. DeMille, Miss Armstrong. *(Enter* MRS. DEMILLE *and* JANICE L. RAWLES *exits* L.*)*

BRAG. *(*R.*)* How are you, ladies?

JANICE. *(Up* C.*)* Hello, boys—what's up? Is Van here? (MRS. DAN L.C.*)*

MACK. *(*R.*)* No, he isn't here.

BRAG. *(*R.C., *rises as they enter)* Thank you so much for coming, ladies.

MRS. DAN. *(*D.C.*)* We don't mind coming—but what's happened?

BRAG. It's a mournful place to ask you to, but Mac and the rest of us thought that now everything of Monty's is gone——

MRS. DAN. Is there nothing left?

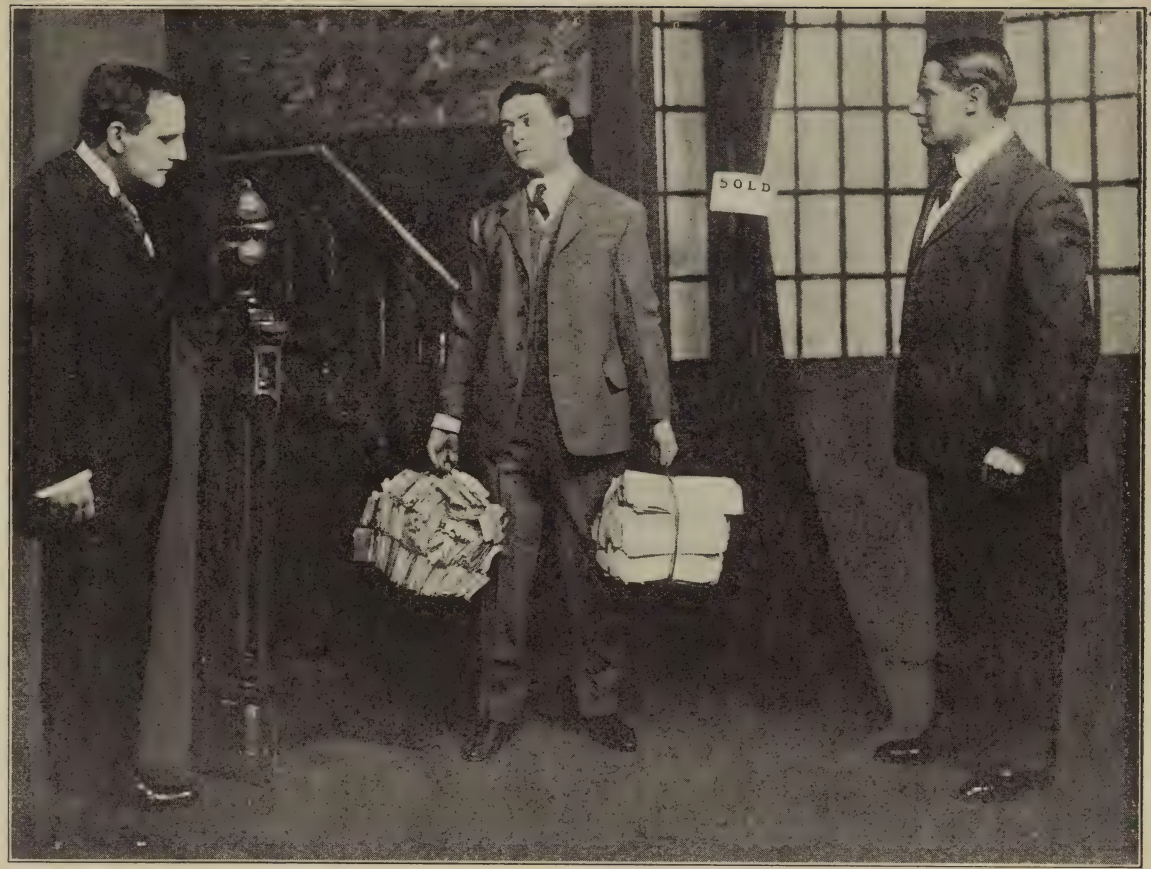
BRAG. Absolutely nothing, Mrs. Dan. It's taken the last penny to pay that salvage. Well, we thought that with all New York guying him it might help a little to show that we still want to be his friends if he will let us.

MRS. DAN. *(Crosses* L., *sits on settee)* Of course we do.

MAC. *(*U.R. *by arch)* He's acted like an idiot and doesn't deserve any sympathy.

BRAG. (JANICE *sits* U.C. *on ottoman,* L.*)* But it's tough to keep away from him just because he's down and out. *(*U.C.*)*

JANICE. Well, Van says we all ought to try and help him some way.

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BRAG. *(R.C.)* I've thought of getting up a subscription.

MAC *and* MRS. DAN. Subscription?

BRAG. Yes. All of us who were on that yacht might contribute a little.

JANICE. (BRAG. *crosses* U.C. *to* JANICE) Van says he wouldn't accept any subscription.

MRS. DAN. *(Sitting on settee* L.*)* He ought to. If he paid all that salvage because he thought our lives were in danger, he should allow us to show our gratitude.

BRAG. *(R.)* Of course he should. He has to leave this house to-day, and every blessed thing in it has been sold, so he will have no place to sleep.

JANICE. Van says there's a way to help him and that he might accept.

BRAG. What is it?

JANICE. *(C.)* Well, this is his birthday. And Van says there is no reason why we shouldn't make him birthday presents.

MRS. DAN. Why haven't we thought of that before? I will see Colonel Drew. He wants to do something for him. Monty did him a big favor once.

BRAG. And we'll get him things he can turn into money.

MAC. *(R. on box)* Money! Why, if he turns them into money he will have it all spent by midnight.

MRS. DAN. I think not. He's had a hard lesson.

JANICE. Van says we'd have to be careful not to let him think it is because his money is gone. *(On "Van says,"* BRAGDON *leaves her and joins* MAC *down* R. *The repetition is getting on their nerves.)*

BRAG. *(Up* L.C.*)* Where is Monty now?

MAC. Upstairs locked in his room. He made Brag and me promise to wait here.

BRAG. He didn't go to bed at all last night. Had people carting things away from the house all night long. I don't think he's had anything to eat for two days. *(Enter* RAWLES L.*)*

RAWLES. Mr. Vanderpool.

*(Enter* VANDERPOOL L., *goes* C. JANICE *rises.)*

VAN. Hello, everybody. I thought I'd find you here. *(Shakes hands with* JANICE.*)* Oh, I saw Monty this morning—— *(All turn to him with exclamations.)* He dashed in—threw me a month's salary and made me give him a receipt for it. *(Takes salary envelope from pocket.)*

JANICE. *(C.)* Why, dearest! You took money from him when you know he hasn't anything left?

VAN. Couldn't help it. He had his receipt and was gone before I knew what it was all about.

MRS. DAN. *(Rises, takes envelope from* VAN*)* Well, you can turn that money over to Janice and me.

VAN. What?

MRS. DAN. This is his birthday and we're going to make him presents.

VAN. Bully! I'll go with you. *(They all move* L.*)*

MAC. No, you won't. You hunt up Colonel Drew. Brag can see Subby and Gardner. (MRS. DAN *and* JANICE *exit* L.*)*

VAN. What shall I say to him? *(Cross back* C.*)*

BRAG. Oh, I'll explain that to you. Come on. (BRAG *exits after ladies* L.*)*

JANICE. *(Comes back in archway* L.*)* Archie dear——

VAN. *(Turns)* Oh, yes, of course. Excuse me. *(Exits* L.*)*

MAC. Archie dear. Bah!

BRAG. *(At arch* U.L.*)* Good-bye. Mac and I

will go shopping, too, just as quickly as Monty comes downstairs.

MAC. *(Coming* C.*)* Say, Brag, if we bought that fellow a nice comfortable room in Bloomingdale's, it would do more good than birthday presents.

BRAG. I don't understand it. He acts like a crazy man, but somehow I can't believe it.

MAC. No. You and Miss Gray won't believe it until he kills somebody, but you just notice him carefully and—— (MONTY *is heard on stairs.)*

BRAG. *(Warningly, pointing* L.3*)* Hush, here he comes! (MAC *crosses* U.R.C. BRAG *stays* L.*)*

*(Enter* MONTY *with receipts down stairs. Has sign marked sold on back of coat. Places bundles on table* R.*)*

MAC. What have you got there? *(Crossing down* C.*)*

MONTY. A million dollars' worth of receipts. Here, boys, sign for these salaries, will you? *(Takes two salary envelopes from pocket, goes* C.*)*

BRAG. Now see here, Monty. We don't want to take these. (MAC *goes* D.R.*)*

MONTY. *(*R.*)* Boys, please remember our agreement. I know I've led you fellows a devil of a dance, but you can all have your liberty now. Brewster's business is at an end.

BRAG. *(*L.C.*)* Thank God!

MONTY. Amen. Now you won't refuse to take these, will you? Van took his and receipted for it.

BRAG. Yes, but we don't——

MAC. *(Crosses to him)* Never mind, Brag. This is his birthday. We'll take it, Monty. *(Crosses* L.*)*

MONTY. *(Handing them salaries)* That's the idea, boys. Just sign here. *(Indicating receipt. He goes up to ottoman* C. *Sits.* BRAGDON *has fountain pen—they sign.)*

BRAG. *(After he has signed)* Are you going out, Monty?

MONTY. Not until after twelve o'clock. You can bet on that.

MAC. Here are the books you wanted. *(Brings books from box* U.R. *and places them on receipts.)* Now everything has been turned over to you. (BRAGDON *and* MAC *cross* L. *quickly.)*

MONTY. Thanks, what's your hurry?

BRAG. *(L.)* We have an errand, but we're coming back again. Good-bye.

MAC. So long. (BRAGDON *and* MAC *exit* L.)

MONTY. So long. *(Sees cuff-buttons—calling)* Oh, Mack, Mack—— (MACK *enters* L. MONTY *has crossed down* R.C.) Mack—— (MACK *crosses to him.)* You always admired these cuff-buttons. I want you to have them. *(Gives* MACK *links which he has taken from his shirt.)*

MACK. *(Quietly)* That's all right, old man. *(Exits* L.)

MONTY. *(At table* R., *leaning on receipts)* Broke and lonesome. I'd like to find the man who says spending money's easy. Well, maybe they'll think differently of things soon. *(Enter* RAWLES L.)

RAWLES. *(L.C.)* There's a man here with a package.

MONTY. *(Going to* RAWLES *quickly)* Don't let him in.

RAWLES. But he says it's a birthday present, sir.

MONTY. I don't want a birthday present. Have you got that gun I gave you this morning?

RAWLES. Yes, sir.

MONTY. If anybody attempts to buy you with a package, you shoot him—shoot him on sight. *(Goes to* RAWLES.*)*

RAWLES. Yes, sir. (RAWLES *exits* L. MONTY *goes to ottoman again. Enter* TRIXIE L.)

TRIXIE. *(L.C.)* I knew you were here, so I just

walked right in. *(Offers her hand. Shaking hands.)* I've been trying to see you ever since you arrived.

MONTY. You're different from most people—they're trying to avoid me. Won't you—*(Hesitates, then indicates box* R.*)*—sit down?

TRIXIE. Thank you. *(Sits on box* R.*)*

MONTY. You're looking well.

TRIXIE. You've only seen me once before in your life, so I don't consider you a very good judge.

MONTY. *(Sitting beside her)* I know if you look well, even if I haven't seen you.

TRIXIE. Well, we won't fight about that. I came to ask you a question and I don't know how to begin.

MONTY. Why not ask it without thinking how to begin?

TRIXIE. I've been reading the papers lately.

MONTY. Indeed!

TRIXIE. And I have seen in them what Mr. Smith calls some very unfavorable comments about you.

MONTY. Subby puts it mildly.

TRIXIE. They say you have lost all your money.

MONTY. They're mistaken. I haven't lost it. I've spent it.

TRIXIE. Is everything gone?

MONTY. Everything—except what I've got on—and that reminds me—my hat and overcoat——*(Goes to ottoman, brings hat and coat, places them on table. Pauses, looking for a moment at coat, then sits.)*

TRIXIE. *(After he is seated)* It doesn't surprise me. I knew you'd do it.

MONTY. That's more than I did.

TRIXIE. I haven't been so foolish. I've saved some.

MONTY. I congratulate you.

TRIXIE. And it's coming faster than I can spend it.

MONTY. Gee, that's an awful feeling, isn't it? I know what that means. I've been through it.

TRIXIE. Mr. Brewster, you did everything in the world that money could do for me. Why did you do it?

MONTY. Well, I didn't do it to have you ask questions after I had done it.

TRIXIE. Then I won't ask any more. What I came to tell you was that I have about $15,000 lying in the bank and I want you to take it.

MONTY. *(Jumping up quickly and backing away)* I beg your pardon, I cannot take it. *(L.C.)*

TRIXIE. Please don't be foolish about it, Mr. Brewster. I don't need it. Besides, it's really yours, anyway. *(Forcing paper upon him again.)*

MONTY. Sh! Please don't let anybody hear you say that it is mine. It's yours. I can prove it. I have your receipts. I'll see you in two weeks. *(MONTY exits R., running.)*

TRIXIE. Mr. Brewster—— Well! *(Goes up to entrance R. Enter RAWLES L.)*

RAWLES. Miss Gray. *(Exits L. Enter PEGGY. PEGGY looks at TRIXIE, then turns away.)*

TRIXIE. Miss Gray.

PEGGY. Yes? *(Standing L.)*

TRIXIE. I'm Miss Clayton. *(Standing R.)*

PEGGY. Yes. *(L.)*

TRIXIE. *(Coming C.)* I want to speak to you a moment. *(Cross C.)* I think you can help me. I came to see Mr. Brewster and he ran out of the room and left me. Will you help me?

PEGGY. *(Crossing C.)* What is it you wish?

TRIXIE. I want you to induce Mr. Brewster to take back some of the money he has spent on me.

PEGGY. *(L.)* Why?

TRIXIE. *(C.)* Because I've tried and failed. And I thought perhaps you would make him see that he ought to take it.

PEGGY. I don't understand.

TRIXIE. *(C.)* Of course you know what he has done for me, but he has acted so strangely. The night of his house party, when I met him, he told me he thought I had a wonderful voice, and afterward I found out he had not heard me sing at all. When he offered to make me a star I couldn't believe my ears; but when the company was engaged and rehearsals began and I was given a beautiful apartment and jewels and gowns and servants and everything on earth I could think of—and more—I thought, as the show girls say, that Mr. Brewster was "taken with me," but he has never even called on me from that day to this. Why, he has given me the greatest chance a woman ever had and I have never been able to say "Thank you" to his face before. *(Ends speech down* R.C.*)*

PEGGY. What do you mean? That you have never seen Mr. Brewster since—since——? *(Taking step toward* TRIXIE.*)*

TRIXIE. Never since the house-warming. I expected for months that I should see him and get some sort of an explanation, but none ever came.

PEGGY. I don't think it needs an explanation.

TRIXIE. But some people have wrong ideas about it. Of course, his real friends—those who know him well, like you and your mother—would never believe anything wrong of him! *(R.C.)*

PEGGY. *(Approaching* TRIXIE*)* No, his *real* friends would never believe; but oh, Miss Clayton, I did believe—I did believe!

TRIXIE. Miss Gray!

PEGGY. He told me it wasn't true, but I—I—I'm so glad you came here. I'll help you in anything I can. I'm glad you've had your chance, and I hope you'll be the finest, finest actress in the world! *(They embrace and* MISS CLAYTON *cries.* TRIXIE *crosses to exit* L., *then stops.)*

TRIXIE. *(L.)* Well, I haven't returned the money, but I've done something. Good-bye. *(Exits* L. *Enter* MONTY R. *Bus.)*

MONTY. Peggy!

PEGGY. *(C.)* Monty, can you ever forgive me?

MONTY. *(Stepping back and looking at her)* Forgive you—for what?

PEGGY. For believing—— I mean, for not believing. I'm so ashamed I'll never doubt you again.

MONTY. What do you mean?

PEGGY. I've just heard—— *(Crosses to him.)*

MONTY. You've heard—— Is Jones here? *(He crosses* L. *quickly, looking off.)*

PEGGY. No, no! *(A step down.)*

MONTY. What do you mean—just heard? *(He crosses to her.)*

PEGGY. Miss Clayton has just been here and I don't care what anyone says now.

MONTY. Ah, then you do believe in me and you're going to stand by me and be the Peggy of the old days! Listen, Peggy—at this moment I haven't a penny in the world. I've spent a million dollars in a year. Do you care enough to stand by a poor, miserable devil at whom the whole world is laughing?

PEGGY. I love you, Monty. Begin again, forget this terrible year—we'll build a new life together.

MONTY. And you won't mind being poor with me?

PEGGY. I can never be poor with you!

MONTY. I'm the happiest—— *(Starts to embrace her. Enter* RAWLES *with telegram on cigar-box lid.* MONTY *breaks away.)*

RAWLES. *(L.3)* A telegram for you, sir. I wouldn't let the boy in.

MONTY. And did you shoot him?

RAWLES. No, sir.

MONTY. *(Looking at telegram)* Sure it's only a telegram?

"Brewster's Millions"

*See Page 102*

RAWLES. Yes, sir. *(Bus. opens telegram slowly, suspiciously.)*

MONTY. Well! Well!

RAWLES. Beg pardon, sir. Thirty cents' charges.

MONTY. Certainly. *(Bus.)* Thirty cents? What for?

RAWLES. The telegram, sir.

MONTY. Yes—of course, the telegram. Tell the boy to take it back. *(Puts telegram on salver.)*

PEGGY. *(Opening purse)* Monty, let me.

RAWLES. Beg pardon, sir—if you'll allow me?

MONTY. Certainly, Rawles, and I'll give it back to you presently.

RAWLES. *(Going* L.*)* Pray don't mention it, sir.

MONTY. I don't mention it—I haven't said a word. *(Crosses up* L.*)* I'll hand—*(Exit* RAWLES L.*)*—it back to you at one minute after twelve.

PEGGY. I hope it isn't bad news—I hate telegrams.

MONTY. *(Handing her telegram)* Don't worry, dear—read it—read it! *(Smiling.)*

PEGGY. I think it's good news. *(Looking at telegram.)*

MONTY. Go on—go on!

PEGGY. *(Reads)* It says, "Jones has disappeared." *(Looking at telegram.)* I've always thought this Jones, whoever he is, would be better out of the way. He—— Why, Monty, is it bad news? *(Looking at* MONTY, *putting head on shoulder.)*

MONTY. *(Staring before him)* I don't know exactly.

PEGGY. Won't you tell me what it means?

MONTY. *(Taking telegram, looking at it)* Why, Peggy, if this telegram is right, it means that I am a pauper. Do you realize that—a pauper? I can't ask you to marry me now—it wouldn't be fair.

PEGGY. Why not?

MONTY. Because I'm broke.

PEGGY. What difference does that make? You did ask me just now and you were broke then.

MONTY. I know, dear, but that was a different kind of broke. *(Crossing* L. *in front of settee.)*

PEGGY. Whatever do you mean? *(Enter* RAWLES.*)*

RAWLES. Mr. Harrison.

MONTY. Mr. Harrison—Nopper? Not Mr. Nopper Harrison?

RAWLES. Yes, sir. *(Enter* HARRISON L. *Exit* RAWLES L.*)*

NOPPER. *(*C.*)* Monty, old man! Oh, but it's good to see you! *(Shaking hands* C.*)*

MONTY. *(*C.*)* That goes double, Nopper; but you've come at a bad time. *(Goes* L.*)*

NOPPER. Peggy, how do you do? Why, what's the trouble, Monty?

MONTY. *(Going* L.C.*)* Made a fool of myself. Spent all my money.

NOPPER. The papers told me that. Is the whole thing gone?

MONTY. Everything! *(Enter* RAWLES.*)*

RAWLES. Mr. Grant. (MR. GRANT *enters* L.*)*

GRANT. *(Excited, out of breath)* How do you do, Mr. Brewster? Did you get my wire?

MONTY. Yes, sir, just now.

GRANT. *(Down* L.C.*)* Sorry to have frightened you. We found him.

MONTY. *(*C.*)* Found him? (PEGGY *and* HARRISON *down* R.C.*)*

GRANT. There was a report that he'd disappeared, but he's in New York and will be here at twelve o'clock.

MONTY. *(Crossing quickly to* PEGGY*)* Do you hear that, Peggy? He's here! It's all right! Jones is here! Excuse me—Miss Gray, Mr. Grant, Mr. Harrison, Mr. Grant. *(*R.C.*)* Oh, this is good news. *(*C., *going to* GRANT.*)*

GRANT. *(L.)* Are your books ready for inspection?

MONTY. *(L.C.)* Yes, sir.

GRANT. All your money gone?

MONTY. Every penny of it.

GRANT. Absolutely penniless?

MONTY. Absolutely penniless—no article of jewelry, finance, visible or invisible asset——

NOPPER. Not quite penniless, thank Heaven! Monty, allow me to return to you the $35,000 I owe you. *(Takes out money, hands it to* MONTY.)

MONTY. You don't owe me anything, Nopper. *(Pushing* HARRISON *back.)*

NOPPER. Oh, yes, I do. It's been on my mind every moment since.

MONTY. Keep it on your mind a couple of minutes longer.

GRANT. What's the meaning of this, Mr. Brewster?

MONTY. *(C., trying to make light of it)* Nothing at all.

GRANT. Mr. Brewster, what does this mean?

MONTY. *(Slowly, with feeling)* It means, Mr. Grant, that I've lost.

GRANT. Lost? Haven't you dissipated the fortune?

MONTY. No, sir. Here are thirty-five thousand dollars that refuse to dissipate. Now, look here, Mr. Grant. I've made a hard fight to carry out this contract and I've got to do it. What time is it? What time is it?

GRANT. Two minutes of twelve. *(Taking out watch.)*

MONTY. Two minutes—two minutes to spend thirty-five thousand dollars. Look here, Mr. Grant, you've given me advice—why won't you accept this as counsel fees? *(Cross* L. *to him.)*

GRANT. I'm sorry, Mr. Brewster, I can't do that. I'm retained by Jones as executor's counsel.

MONTY. *(Crossing* C.*)* Executor's counsel! Executor—executor. Why, executors get fees, don't they?

GRANT. *(Down* L.*)* Yes.

MONTY. *(Down* C.*)* Isn't Mr. Jones the executor of my uncle's estate?

GRANT. Yes.

MONTY. *(Excited)* What are executor's fees?

GRANT. Not less than one-half of one per cent on the principal.

MONTY. One-half of one per cent of seven million dollars—— Why, that's thirty-five thousand dollars, isn't it?

GRANT. Brewster, I follow you. Good!

MONTY. Well, then, there you are. Here are my books, my papers and my receipts, faithfully and honorably kept; and here, Mr. Grant, are thirty-five thousand dollars—Mr. Jones' fee as executor of my uncle's estate. Now, Mr. Grant, I haven't a penny in the—— *(Places money in* GRANT'S *hand and backs away* U.C.*)*

GRANT. My boy, I congratulate you——

(RAWLES *is heard off, expostulating with people who want to enter* L. *They break by him and enter* L. *with packages. Enter* ALL *with birthday presents.)*

ALL. *(Murmuring)* Happy returns of the day, Monty! *(Offering presents.)*

MONTY. Wait—wait—not yet. *(Chimes strike twelve o'clock.)* Mr. Grant, let me introduce you to the finest lot of friends a man was ever cursed with. They've been trying to ruin me with birthday presents—— Twelve o'clock! It's all right. Peggy, dear, I can ask you now—I'm rich.

PEGGY. What do you mean?

MONTY. I mean I made a contract to spend a million dollars in a year in order to get seven million left me by my uncle. You'll know all about it in a minute. He's here—— *(Enter* RAWLES.*)*

RAWLES. *(c.)* Mr. Swearington Jones——

MONTY. Yes——

RAWLES. I wouldn't let him in!

MONTY. Well, you let him in! *(They run off* L.*)*

CURTAIN

# Clarence

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In her determination to help her husband and friends Dulcy plans a week-end party. They are an ill-assorted group, such as only a Dulcinea could summon about her. Their brief association becomes a series of hilarious tragedies. It is Dulcy's final blunder which unexpectedly crowns her efforts with success.

Meanwhile she has all but ruined her husband's plans to put through a big merger with a rich capitalist. Among her guests is a rapturous scenario writer who conspires to elope with the daughter of the capitalist, who loathes motion pictures. The rich young man from Newport, who Dulcy thinks may be useful in assisting the capitalist's wife to write for the films, turns out to be an escaped lunatic. The ex-convict butler steals a necklace. Everything goes wrong. But the most exquisite torture she inflicts is when she invites the scenario writer to recite one of his hectic plots to music played by the lunatic. It is with this that the play reaches its highest level of satirical fun.

"Dulcy" ran for a season in New York, and is now on tour throughout the United States and Canada. Royalty, $25.00. Price, 75 cents.

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Comedy in 3 acts, adapted by A. E. Thomas from the story by Alice Duer Miller. 6 males, 5 females. 3 interiors. Costumes, modern. Plays 2½ hours.

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Mrs. Fair was a major abroad and won a medal for bravery. Her husband was displeased when Mrs. Fair came home to a fame which lifted her out of his life. The dissatisfaction grew as she became absorbed in public functions. Mr. Forbes traces the widening of the rift between husband and wife with great skill in the first two acts. These are light comedy. In the third the mood becomes serious and we find that Mrs. Fair's absence from home has set the husband to philandering and the daughter to intimacy with a gay set. Indeed, only through the joint efforts of husband and wife to save the girl from danger, is harmony again established.

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Comedy in 3 acts. By James Montgomery. 5 males, 6 females. Costumes, modern. 2 interiors. Plays 2½ hours.

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Comedy in 3 acts, by Harvey O'Higgins and Harriet Ford. 5 males, 4 females. 1 interior. Costumes, modern. Plays 2¼ hours.

Sherman Fessenden, unable to induce servants to remain at his Jersey home, hits upon the expedient of engaging detectives as domestics.

His second wife, an actress, weary of the country, has succeeded in discouraging every other cook and butler against remaining long, believing that she will convince her husband that country life is dead. So she is deeply disappointed when she finds she cannot discourage the new servants.

The sleuths, believing they are called to report on those living with the Fessendens, warn Fessenden that his wife has been receiving love-notes from an actor friend, and that his daughter is planning to elope with a supposed thief.

One sleuth causes an uproar making a mess of the situations he has witnessed. Fessenden, however, has learned a lesson and is willing to leave the servant problem to his wife.

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The New York Times wrote the following:

"If you will take your pencil and write down, one below the other, the words delightful, charming, sweet, beautiful and entertaining, and then draw a line and add them up, the answer will be 'Daddy Long-Legs'. To that result you might even add brilliant, pathetic and humorous, but the answer even then would be just what it was before—the play which Miss Jean Webster has made from her book, 'Daddy Long-Legs'. To attempt to describe the simplicity and beauty of 'Daddy Long-Legs' would be like attempting to describe the first breath of Spring after an exceedingly tiresome and hard Winter."

Enjoyed a two-years' run in New York and was then toured for over three years. Royalty, $25.00. Price, 75 cents.

## To the Ladies

A hilarious comedy in 3 acts, by George S. Kaufman and Marc Connelly. 11 males, 3 females. 3 interiors. Costumes, modern. Plays 2½ hours.

The authors of "Dulcy" have divulged a secret known to every woman—and to some men, though the men don't admit it.

The central figures are young Leonard Beebe and his wife Elsie, a little girl from Mobile. Leonard is the average young American clerk, the kind who read all the "Success" stories in the magazines and believe them. Elsie has determined to make him something more. She has her hands full—even has to make an after dinner speech for him—but she does it and the play shows how.

Helen Hayes played Elsie and Otto Kruger impersonated Leonard in New York, where it ran a whole season. Here's a clean and wholesome play, deliciously funny and altogether a diverting evening's entertainment. Royalty, $25.00. Price, 75 cents.

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Comedy in 3 acts by Frederick Isham and Max Marcin. 6 males, 4 females (2 policemen). 1 interior throughout. Costumes, modern. Plays 2½ hours.

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